

THE
EPISTLES
OF

Clio and Strephon,

BEING

A Collection of LETTERS

That passed between an *English* Lady,
and an *English* Gentleman in *France*,
who took an Affection to each other,
by reading accidentally one another's
Occasional Compositions both in Prose
and Verse.

STRE. *Nec Nisi TU nostris Cantabitur ULLA Libellis*
Ingenio causas TU dabis UNA meo.

Ovid. L. 2. Eleg. 17.

CLIO. *Nos quoq; per totum pariter Cantabimur Orbem*
Junctaq; Semper erunt NOMINA NOSTRA tuis.

Ovid. L. 1. Eleg. 3.

EDIT. *Tantum se VOEBIS ELEGI debere fatentur*
Quantum VIRGILIO nobile debet EPOS. T. W.

Ovid. Remed. Amor.

L O N D O N:

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Row.

THE EPISTLES

OF

A Collection of LETTERS

That passed between an English Lady
and an English Gentleman in France,
who took an Affection to each other,
by reading and sending one another's
Original Compositions both in Prose
and Verse.





T O

Sir RICHARD STEELE, Kt.

SIR,



It is certainly the main Business, and ought to be now the Care of Writers, who lay the least Pretence to sound Sense and good Manners, before they dedicate Books, to examine well who are the Patrons they would Address, and what are the Performances they would recommend, for fear their Judgment and Behaviour should be argued of Impropriety and Indecency, if there

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was apparently too great a Disproportion between the Value of the Works, and the real Quality of the Persons to whom they were offer'd. How ought I then duly and naturally to weigh and consider, even with a religious and scrupulous Regard, whether the Value this Work bears in itself, is perfect Standard, and dignifies it so substantially, as that I may, without committing a Sin in Judgment or Manners, make a Present of it to the politest Man of an Age so polite as this; to a Gentleman, whom Nature has fashion'd bright from his Infancy, and form'd to be truly Great, and to be justly Admired.

Sir, I was unwilling to determine, within my self, upon so critical a Question. The following Sheets have been perused and allow'd to be singularly valuable, by several, whom publick Fame has long settled in the firm Possession of the happy Character they deserve, of being Men of polite Letters and distinguish'd Judgment. And truly, Sir, when they had unanimously agreed, that the following Epistles were written with greater Spirit

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Spirit and Vigour, with more Wit, Humour, and Delicacy, than even those Collections published, either in our own or the French Language, which have met with the most universal Approbation; they then likewise as unanimously Voted, that they ought of mere Right to be dedicated to you, whose Excellence in every kind of Writing has made you be generally and justly styled, the Delight of Mankind.

I took, I must confess, incredible Satisfaction at first in this Consideration only, that it had fallen to my Lot to be the Editor of a Book, which, I have so much reason to believe, will administer a Pleasure truly elegant to all its Readers; but I was even overjoy'd and transported, when I found the Publishing of it would give me a fair and proper Occasion of paying to you, Sir, whom I have scarce ever had the Honour of seeing, my most grateful, my most hearty, (and if you will pardon the Familiarity of the Word) my most affectionate Acknowledgments, for the great Improvement I and many of my
Friends

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Friends have made in your most instructive Company in your Quality of an Author, and for the vast and frequent Delight, with which we pass'd every Day, for some Years together, in such your agreeable Acquaintance and amiable Conversation. I have had many secret Wishes for such an Opportunity before, of paying you these Debts of the Mind, under my own Hand; and I know a great many Men of Ingenuity will envy me the present one I have. For what is it a Man, that has a Love for the liberal Arts, and takes an honest Pride in a liberal Education thinks, lays him under so great an Obligation, as the friendly Hand that conveys into him new Knowledge, and acquaints him with the Documents of Life. But now I have this Opportunity, I freely own I dare not make use of it, in the manner I intended; nor own my Name, nor who I am, when I recite my Obligations, and the Instruction and Pleasure I take in your Writings; for it would be a Task which not many Men of Modesty would venture upon, to write an
Epistle

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Epistle to Sir Richard Steele, that was to appear before the Publick, and where the just manner of relishing Sir Richard Steel's Performances was to be the Subject.

But then, as I am an Editor, and keep my Name conceal'd, I am more at my Liberty to speak my Sentiments fully and without Fear or Reserve; for by this means I can't offend your Modesty, by saying what you may think too much, nor be openly condemn'd by the World, by saying too little on so fruitful a Subject. By this means I avoid the Reproaches I should meet with, for my Vanity and Presumption, when I endeavour to display the Good, which the Morals laid down in your Volumes have done in the World, which would almost require as much Oratory as the Author was possess'd with, that gave us those Volumes in a Style, that is a perfect Model of English Eloquence. For I can truly say, that as no Body is well able to give Tully a due Commendation for his Offices, but a Tully himself, so no Body can give you due Applause for the
Tatlers,

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Tatlers, Spectators and Guardians, *but one that has got a Genius and a Spirit like your own.* The Romans owed a great many Obligations to that illustrious Orator. The English are indebted for as many to you: And if the Fame of having done meritorious Deeds with regard to a whole Nation, of improving the Minds of a whole People, and advancing among them all the Sciences and all the Virtues can yield a real Satisfaction to a good and wise Man; you, Sir, above all the Persons I know, have abundant Cause of Satisfaction. This, Sir, is not the fulsome Praise of a Dedicator to you; I speak no more than what is the sincere Opinion of a very judicious Writer (I mean Major Pack) where writing in order to direct a fine young Gentleman his Friend in the Choice of the best Books,) A critical Essay upon Study, he delivers himself thus upon the Head of Morality.

Morality (says he) treats of what is Fit, what is Decent, what is Commendable in this World. It maketh Vertue the Effect

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Effect of *Wisdom*, and *Happiness* the Reward of *Virtue*. The Ancient *Greeks*, both *Poets* and *Philosophers*, have left behind them many admirable Monuments of their *Wit* and *Learning* upon this Topick. The *Satires* and *Epistles* of *Horace*, are an Instance of one Kind, and the *Offices* of *TULLY* are esteem'd a Masterpiece in the other. *THEOPHRASTUS*, *EPICURETUS*, *ANTONINUS* and *SENECA*, are held in universal Veneration. These have all been Naturaliz'd, and taught to speak our Language. After these reverenc'd Names of Antiquity, I will take leave to mention the Moderns of our own Nation who have *EXCELL'D* in this Way, and insinuated their *Instructions* in the most *Familiar* and *Delightful* Manner; I mean the Authors of the *TATLER*, *SPECTATOR*, and *GUARDIAN*.

Thus, Sir, you see the publick Fame I spoke of is not attributed to your Merits,

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but

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by the ostentatious Eloquence of a flattering Dedication, but by the cool Judgment of an accurate Critick, who was not directing his Discourse to you, nor in Favour of you, but commended your Works as the most excellent in their Kind, according to the Sincerity of his Opinion to his Friend, who was to reap all the Benefit of his Recommendation by reading them.

You have some Enemies, who say out of Malice, what you of Justice and Modesty say of your self; that you had Companions, who assisted you in the daily Diversion and Instruction, which you gave the Town, in the Papers which bore these Titles; and appear mighty angry that, when you did them as much good as you could your self, you let others of a like Genius join with you, that more Profit and Entertainment might be administer'd to the Town, than could be possibly derived from the Head of any one single Man breathing: And thus in order to make that appear, which would easily be granted them, viz. that you are no more than Man, they

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they make themselves much less. But they go further, and would attribute so much Fame to each Assistant, that they would take all from the Principal. If you had envy'd your Coadjutors so much, how should we know you had any? They want not these People's Praise, they have yours, which will remain, when all that these Detractors write will be heard of no more. You was the first Author of that kind of Writing: You gave us even their Works, and we owe them to you; they that merited any Praise merited it thro' your Name, and let 'em receive it thro' your Name, as Rivers deduce their Waters from the Fountain Head.

In what Season, State or Vocation of Life have not your Moral Precepts been of Use?

How many old Men owe you the Tranquillity and Serenity of Mind, which they have taught themselves by Degrees, by being made in Love with that Virtue of Patience which you recommend to them, and by being shamed out of those Peevishnesses

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nesses and Infirmities, which you have represented as the two usual Attendants of old Age, and which you have acted so much to the Life, in your Humorous way of personating an old Man, when you was in the Glory and Vigour of your Years. How many large Families, that have grey and ancient Masters, are to praise you for the Gentleness of that Temper which reigns over all their Houses, and for the sweet Ease and Quiet enjoy'd by those, who are happily subject to pay an agreeable Obedience to such good Heads of Families.

And as you have given the good Humour Natural to Youth, as a valuable Present to Men, whose Tempers have been sour'd by Age; so have you made the young Men an ample Amends, by transplanting some of the Branches of Prudence, which in Times before, receiv'd their Growth only from old Age, to the Garden of Youth; where by your Skill you have made that Plant, which naturally delights in Coolness, take Root and flourish in a Soil so warm. You have in
other

The DEDICATION. xiii

other Places, mark'd out the Rocks, the Shelves, and the Syrens, which those, who are just setting out in the Morn of Life, must expect to meet with, in the early Part of the Voyage, and you deter them from being Shipwreck'd among them; because you recommend them with a sweeter Voice to the really pleasant Road of true Wisdom, that is Virtue, the End and the Reward whereof is Happiness; than the smooth tongu'd Syrens themselves can boast of, who would seduce them with their bewitching Voices, into the seemingly but falsely pleasant Road of Levity, Folly and Vanity, the End and the Punishment whereof is Misery and Perdition. You have made many Heirs, who perhaps, if they had not read you, would not have been Instructed or Guided either by any Divines or their Tutors; proper Tutors (as I may say) even while they were Beardless, over themselves.

Many are the young marry'd Couples, that are Happy, whom I, with my own
Ears

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Ears have heard read over those Rules of Conduct with the greatest Pleasure imaginable, which you recommend to Persons in that State; and whom with my own Eyes, I have seen, wear in their Faces an open and worthy Pride, when they boasted of each other's being living Examples of your Rules; and they have seem'd to express a beautiful Sense of Gratitude for you, as the finest Family Companion, and as if the frequent Perusal of your Lectures kept fresh and alive within them reciprocal Love, and excited and preserv'd in their Breasts a glorious Emulation, which should exceed the other in the strict and kind Observation of those Duties, which if (I may be allow'd the Expression) Imparadise that State.

How sweet a Sight it is, to behold Parents and their Children, Brothers and Sisters, Friends and other Relations, whenever they Err against the Rules of your Essays, blush, as soon as they are put in Mind of their being declared Erroneous by you, and recovering with Modesty, and paying a Veneration

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Veneration to the Maxims you prescribe, and acknowledging your Dictates to be the Dictates of Wisdom? How fine a Thing to see covetous Parents over-ru'd by you, restrain themselves from disposing of their Children in unhappy Matches, merely for Interest, quite counter to their Inclinations, and the young People on the other Hand, making Choices that please the old People, and intermingling Discretion with their Loves.

Those, that are prime Ministers, may Learn from thence, more than they can from Machiavel, that to be consummate Statesmen, they ought to be honest Men. Those whose Fortune it is to lead their Lives in the Sun-shine of a Court, where Youth and Prosperity too often make 'em vain, are taught how to lay aside the Glare of Vice, and they may learn instead of it how to shine in the Pomp of Virtue, not to receive an exterior Blaze and Glitter from the Court, but add new Lustre to it, and adorn it by being Members thereof: Citizens are
Instructed

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Instructed how they may Flourish in their several Professions with Justice, and their Magistrates how to take a due Care of the Administration of it. The Persons who delight in a Country Life, from the Noble to the Peasant, may inform themselves how to improve their harmless Recreations by Day, and Evening Conversations, and how to enjoy, with a more sensible Satisfaction, their Native rural Innocence.

Thus, Sir, Persons of all Sexes, of all Ages, and of all Professions, who have read your Works, are obliged to you by an Eternal Tie of Gratitude; and the more wise a Man you are, you must take the more Satisfaction in viewing how profitable you have been to your Fellow Creatures.

For, what I here say to you are no Praises of mine, they are not the Works of Invention (as most of the present fulsome Dedications are) they are Praises that naturally arise to you from the daily Practice of all these Classes of People, who are wise enough to Copy your Precepts in the Actions
of

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of their Lives, and afterwards only gratefully acknowledge and applaud their Preceptor and Benefactor, from whom they derived so true a Taste of Happiness. I have been an Eye-witness, and seen your Works, upon all the Occasions I mentioned above, produced in many wise Families, and quoted in many very witty Assemblies (whose Wisdom all others, if they don't, should, for their own sakes, desire to be esteemed to imitate) and allowed by them as so many Domestick and Social Laws, which ought to guide them in all the moral Actions of Life, and by which they ought to be governed in every part of Economy.

Give me leave, therefore, to observe to you (what you your self ought to take a decent and becoming Pride in) that it is hard to determine, whether, when the World was growing depraved and degenerate in its Manners, your reviving the moral Laws amongst us with so much Force (mayn't I say, since the Generality
c yielded

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yielded to their Force?) with so great a Power and Authority of Genius, was not as laudable an Action as the enacting of those civil ones, which were prescribed to uncivilized and savage Mankind by the first illustrious Law-givers.

They taught Cities and Nations to live in publick Peace and Harmony, and free from publick Vices for fear of publick Punishments. You teach every private Family in Cities and in Nations (for your moral Laws are translated into, observed, and venerated in foreign Languages) to live free from private Errors, and to enjoy the greatest Tranquillity upon Earth, a private Tranquillity in their own Bosoms, the Testimony of a good Conscience. Sir, where you have done such an universal Good to Mankind, you must not suffer your Modesty to refuse the Praises due to your Merit; for I will take leave to tell you, that true Fame is an Object worthy of the most earnest Desires of the greatest Genius living. Tully, your other self in Genius,
tho'

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tho' he lived at such a distance of Ages ago (but greater, I believe, will be the Distance of Time before a third Tully arises) owned in such beautiful Lines, as were enough to procure him his Wish, that he thirsted after an Immortality of Fame; and as you are in Genius and Merit like him, be like him also in your Nature and your Desires. I frankly own, that I wish I could do for you of my own accord, what Lucceius was desired to do by Cicero, write your History, and record your Fame, which will probably last to Posterity only in your own Writings, for want of such another Genius to pen your Story. But I were own I am not ashamed of being incapable to make a proper Panegyrick of a Man, whom all, that are his Readers, daily praise more and more with their Mouths and in their Practices, and the Fame of whose Merits will be consigned from every private Family to the other, that succeeds it thro' all future Ages. Yours is not only to be a posthumous Glory, you taste

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it, while you live, from the general Consent of Mankind, except a very few Zoili, who satisfy their Tongues, when they itch with the Venom of more than ordinary Detraction, by venting their Envy and their Malice against you. But contemning them,

Sume Superbiam quasitam meritis.

And your just Motto will be,

Exegi Monumentum ære Perennius.

For Envy is nothing but a Sorrow at other Mens Good, and a repining at their Happiness. This is certainly one of the Vices that most predominates in the World, and often does the most Mischief without making any Noise. Its chief Aim is to persecute good Men, and such as are esteemed for their Virtue, Wit, and other commendable Qualities. However several learned Men have very properly called Envy Just, not that any Crime can be really

The DEDICATION. XXI

so in its self, but because it is it self a Punishment to him that has it, and so far does Justice on him. For there is an excellent Sentence of one of the learned Antients (I think it is Aulus Gellius) which comes home to the present purpose, with regard to you, and those that envy you. If you have had any Trouble in the Performance of a virtuous Action, the Trouble soon passes away, and the Virtue remains; but if they have taken any pleasure in committing an evil Action, the pleasure is soon over, and then there is nothing left but the Filth of it. Cicero had as many and greater Enemies than you, and one (Mark Anthony) I hope more fatal than you will ever meet with: It is the same Case now between you and others on the Stage of Life; the only Difference is, the Names are not the same: Just as the Comedies of **PLAUTUS** and **TERENCE** are the same now as they were above a thousand Years ago, tho' the Players are changed. Cicero was envied because he
was

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was great ; and would you be great like him, and hope not to meet with *Envy* like him ? Would you enjoy what was never enjoyed before ? For as where there is no *Light*, there is no *Shade* ; so where there is no *Virtue*, there can be no *Envy*. Let me tell you therefore what I would have you, and what I believe you do enjoy : Enjoy, Sir, the *Envy* of all the malicious Criticks, as much as you do the Praises of all the Good and Ingenious ; for that will advance your *Glory* in the end as much as these.

Sir, after having thus spoke to you my just and sincere Sentiments, tho' a Stranger to you any otherwise, than as you have been so great an Orator for the Publick Good of your Readers, I should now speak of the Work I offer to you, which is written in an Art, somewhat different, from what you chiefly signalize your self in, the Art of Poetry.

Poetry, Sir, is a Study, in praise whereof the Orator, who most resembles

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bles your self, pleased to take the elegant Pains to compose one of his most celebrated Orations, I mean that for Archias the Poet. I therefore recommend to you his Applauses on that Art as my own Reasons, why I offer to a wise Man a little Collection of Poems; notwithstanding even to the best Poems some of the more severely Learned have given no better a Title than that of being splendid elaborate Trifles and vain Amusements, following, I suppose, too closely the Saying of that Philosopher, who was for having Poets banished out of the Commonwealth. But in order to flatter my self that these will meet with a kind Reception from you, I please my self, with considering, that Cicero, by whose Oration in favour of Verses, I would tempt your kind Acceptance of these, would have been a Poet if he could, and that you have shewn the World, more than once, that you can be one whenever you please. A second pleasing Consideration is this, that you have seen the Lady,
(as

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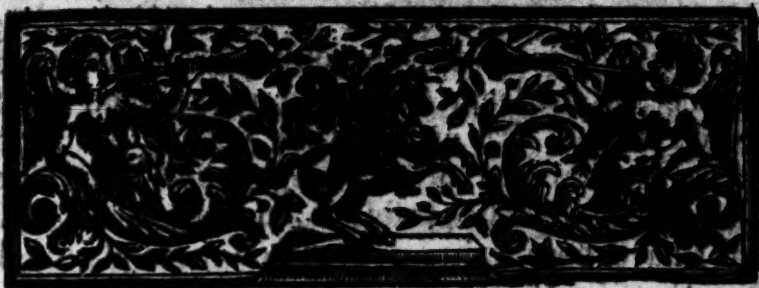
(as I have been informed since the Sheets went to the Press) who takes upon her the Name of Clio, and that you have often expressed, in several Companies, the singular Value and Esteem you have for her extraordinary Wit ; I can only after that Applause of yours, say, that I take leave to admire what you approve, but shall not undertake to commend it my self. That the Critical Essay, written by the ingenious Mr. Porter, which follows, does the best, that any thing can do, next after your own Approbation. And I desire, that, for the sake of the Excellencies which follow, all the Errors and Defects of this Epistle will be pardoned in,

SIR,

Your most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

The Editor.



A
Critical ESSAY

*Containing some Remarks upon the
nature of EPISTOLARY, and
ELEGIAC POETRY, and
the most Beautiful Passages in
the following EPISTLES of
CLIO and STREPHON.*

*By way of Letter from Mr. John Porter,
to his friend Richard Pocock of Turfield-
Court in the County of Bucks, Esq;*

DEAR SIR,

THE Editor of the following POEMS, being
pleased to pass a Compliment upon my
Judgment, first desired me to give my Opi-
nion of this Performance. And really,
when I had Read them over, I own I was tempted to
Speak my mind of them, and, by way of Gratitude,

to make a small return of Praise to a Work, which administered so much pleasure to me in the Reading. I was unwilling to do this in publick Print, after such a manner, as to seem delivering my opinion to the World, because that would carry with it too much of the Appearance of a *profest Critick*, a thing, which I dare openly profess I am not; and I wish, what I have here written, does not more plainly declare that Truth for me, than I do for myself. I therefore chuse to give *mine* rather as a *Private Opinion* to a *Friend*, who, if he could not intirely come into my Sentiments, would be so kind at least, as not to *censure* me. The first moment I thought of doing it, to what a Man may call his Friend in the genuine and extensive Sense of the Word, you will not wonder, that you was the first Person I pitched upon, who have a long time favoured me with your Conversation, and enjoyned me to make Freedom, and Familiarity the chief Articles of it, and therefore I begin without further Ceremony.

It has been remark'd by the Ingenious Major Pack, that, tho' there is nothing, in which Wit, Humour, and Gallantry makes so great a Figure as in LETTERS, yet the *English* have not many Collections of *Familiar LETTERS*, that are of any Value; and I must add, that, in my reading, I don't remember to have met with any in *Verse*, I mean, where a Correspondence has been carry'd on for a space of Time. Those few that ever appear'd seem'd to be the Works of Invention, and Starts and Sallies of Fancy, and have (as they proceeded from nothing but a lust of Wit,) been accordingly filled and crowded with indecent Images. But these, which I offer to you, have, besides their Novelty, many innocent Charms, that make them sweetly entertaining. The Correspondence between CLIO and STREPHON first took its rise from the Liking
and

and Esteem, which they had for each other; from a meer acquaintance with their writings, and at last, in the Progress, it grew into an *Ideal Love*, when they had no knowledge of one another, but by Descriptions from a third Person, and the Book itself concludes with the *first Interview* they ever had. Where a mutual and passionate Flame was thus first lighted up in the minds of Young People, what Elegance of Expression is it we might not expect from them? When Love makes its inroad thro' the Eyes to the Heart of Man, Love is seldom the cause of a lasting Esteem; but both the fondness and the value pall with Enjoyment, and vanish with the tasted Charms. But where Reciprocal Esteem is got into the very Souls, a bare Liking of Persons connects them in an Indissoluble tye of Love and Friendship: No Esteem can be lasting, which is grounded upon that Capricious Humour of the Eye, which we falsely tho' commonly call *falling in Love with any Body*; but Love is Eternal, where a true inward Esteem is its forerunner. It would be therefore to do them an Injury, to pretend to make a thorough Parallel between theirs and any other Love Epistles, there never having appeared any before of the same nature, and these being perfect Originals in their kind. Letters of Love and Friendship between a Young Lady and a Gentleman, who never beheld one another's Faces, no not so much as in Effigie, are things, I believe, so very *rare*, that they have been never heard of till now; and yet I believe I may say there are other things besides as *Rare* belonging to these Letters, and those are the Beautiful, and Inimitable turns of Wit, with which they as *Singularly* express the Passion of their Minds, as the Passion is itself *Singular*. The next *rarity* of them is that there is all the softness of Love without the indecency of it, and even the Man's Part, if it betrays a Thought or Wish be-

yond what the purest Maid might entertain with safety the virginity of her Mind, it is with a tendency to that State, which is very Honourable, and than which nothing but Virginity it self is more laudable ; and the Fair, in full Possession of all the treasured beauty virtue, and bloom of Fifteen, may read every Line of it, with as much innocence, as she may hear a kind Expression, or behold a look, more kind than Ordinary, pass between her Father and Mother.

But Sir, I would not have it thought, that I endeavour to talk these Epistles into Credit, meerly because I like them, and have a taste for them my self. For, if I did not believe they would certainly procure a great Reputation for themselves, I would never have presumed to offer them to you. But I have a mind to Venture into the World my Remarks upon some Passages, that I think more particularly beautiful, and my Observations upon several turns of Wit, Humour, and Passion, which I take to be Peculiar to this kind of Epistolary Poesy. By this means, when I come to hear, whether you and the World Censure or Approve my Notions, I shall reap the *Delight* and *Benefit* of finding my own *Judgment* either *Confirm'd* or else *set right* and *improved*.

In these Remarks, I shall first have an Eye to the Part which the Lady bears in this Work ; she indeed plainly appears to be the *Fair* one in *Mind* as well as in *Sex*. And if the Signs of *bold* and *manly* Strength are here and there to be found in the Genius of *Strephon* : the Syrens, the Smiles, and the Graces, warble, conquer, please, and awe almost in every Line of *Clio*, and her Mind was surely formed to Excite such an intellectual Courtship. I almost grow a Rival to the Poet when I Write of his Mistress that I never saw, and I fancy every Ingenious Man will be the same, that reads her. When first the Word Angel was attributed

attributed to Woman I believe it was in some measure properly applied to a fair one that resembled CLIO, and the Term has been shamefully misused by others ever since, 'till it is now again applied only to her, from the nearer resemblance she seems to bear to those bright Spirits, than to any of the wittiest of her own Sex.

First LETTER, Page 1.

IN the very first Letter of hers, which is extant, the Poetry is full of Fire, but as full of Purity; she shows her self eminently distinguished from all her Sex. For tho' she has (as I have been informed) as many exterior Charms, as might alone render a young Woman very Vain of her self, yet, though her Male-correspondent presses very hard to see her, she artfully disparages her own Person, to try, as it were, if Wit alone could be enough of it self to win him, and owns that the same Power in a Man would prevail with her, let his Personal Appearance be what it would. I think, she Speaks of her self under the pretended Disadvantages of the Small-Pox and a spoiled Complexion, in Lines as sprightly and tempting as I ever Read.

*But Heav'n forbid that you should ever see
That Outside, which the Vulgar World calls me.
Nature has been ungentle to my Face,
With artless Fingers shadowed ev'ry Grace;
Deep has she left her cruel Marks behind,
As if she meant to Scarr my very Mind.*

*My Skin she sully'd with a fallow Hue,
That scarce my Soul is seen to sparkle thro'.*

She then Comforts herself under these assumed Disadvantages with what, (when she calls them her little Talents in Poetry,) she Proves to be the greatest that can be; and then artfully Steals into the Reader's Soul, by convincing him, that the favour which she would do him in overlooking all Corporal Imperfections, was immensely due from him to to herself in these concluding Lines.

*Whate'er thy Person be, I shall o'er-pass,
Who would throw Diamonds by, to look on Glasse?
Or, who would mind the Scars imperfect Light,
When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?*

Second LETTER, Page 5.

THE Answer, which SREPHON makes, appears to be skilfully suited to the taste of his Mistress; he had told her before (as appears by her first Letter;) what Idea he had formed of her Person from Description, (and 'tis really a pity it is lost.)

And he therefore now tacitely acquiesces in what she says of her self, and makes his Advantage of it, by giving her a Description of his own Person, which he calls an indifferent Figure, and by desiring her, as it were, beforehand to keep her Word with him; and to let that be no obstacle to her bestowing her Love upon him, when he should come to make his
appea-

appearance before her, and makes that Confidence in her Promise, a farther Argument, still why he must venture to see her.

Third LETTER Page 9.

HER Reply to this is by Way of a *poetick* Dream, where she makes her *Fancy* kindly represent him to her self, in most *advantageous* Colours, notwithstanding those in which he had painted himself to her *Imagination* before: The whole Epistle is soft, tender and engaging, and, tho' it is even supposed to be a *Dream* of a *Woman*, concerning her *Lover*, it appears more like the *virtuous Rapture* of a kind well-wishing Friend, and is filled with *moral* and *pious Sentiments*.

Fourth LETTER Page 15.

INSPIRED with such a good-natured Opinion, as she has of him, he next, (what we might naturally enough expect from him,) went to see her, but he is forced to write her Word of it, or she had been ignorant of the Matter; for, it seems, when he came even to her House, his Heart failed him, and he had not Courage enough to venture in, or even to enquire for her. This (whether an *affectionate Truth* or a *well-bred Fiction*) was, certainly, (where a *virtuous Mind* was first to be engaged and subdued,) a *masterly Step* towards gaining *Pity*, *Benevolence*, and *Affection*. And such a *Picture* of a Man's Modesty, where a *Virgin Mind* so witty and so pure was to be tempered and melted into Love, was his *best Expedient*; for it naturally *mollifies* the most *rigid* Virtue, by not seeming to dare to aim at so high an *Attempt*. True
 d 4 Virtue,

Virtue is generous and humble in it self, pities those who are too much awed by it, and, out of meer *Humanity*, condescends to be *familiar*; but, where *Boldness* presses upon her *Retirement*, and invades her *Privacy*, she is *alarmed*, and takes *State* upon her with a *decent Pride*. Those lose Ground who would think to gain it, as is practised with *good Success* in the *ordinary Course of Courtship*. A Woman's Love, which begins in her Eye, is of a coarser Mold than Love, which begins in her Mind. In *that* her *Body* has the *first Share*, and tempts the *Mind* to her own *Frailty*; in *this*, the *Mind* of the Woman is *free* from all *Frailty* of its own; and if she *consents* at least to *Love*, she *gratifies* the *Frailty* of the *Man*, and *not* her own, and *permits* the *frail human Lover* in order to *enjoy* more closely the *purser Part* of him, the *Angelical Friend*. In this therefore he has used the true Art of a Courtier; an Art the more to be admired, because it is just, and yet uncommon, *delaying* to see a Mistress, whom he *longed*, and whom he had *Leave* to *see*. In order to dispose her Mind for Love, while he thus *covertly* begs it, he sends her the *Part* of Love between CLORINDA and TANCREDI which is one of the most moving Episodes in all TORQUATO TASSO translated by his own Hand.

Fifth LETTER Page 21.

CLIO's Answer to this Letter of his, and on his Version of TASSO, which he sent her at the same time, is so entirely beautiful, that no particular Part of it can be named as fine without doing injury to the others, that remain unnamed. For, it is one continued Beauty all throughout. Beginning with an *Exclamation* of her being forc'd to retire, even from his
Voice

Voice, because his *Modesty* won upon her so much in not appearing himself, shews the greatness of the generosity of Mind I describ'd above to the highest Perfection; and renders her more amiable than ever, and makes her move Love more in Proportion, as she appears more mov'd with it her self: For there even a Passion is built, where it is very rarely built, upon the strongest Foundation of the strictest Honour, and the soundest Judgment. Now I can't resist the Temptation of singling out some Lines of hers, which, I will venture to say, are more than any Man could deserve, tho' she is pleas'd to address them to her STREPHON. (I fancy I am here growing again his *Rival*, and that I envy him as much a Mistress, whom I never saw, as he lov'd her before he saw her) and I single them out because I own they please my Taste particularly, and because the Expressions mostly seem to be turned in that graceful, easy, natural, and yet strong Manner, for which Mr. Addison, who is now Immortal, was so eminently conspicuous.

The World, which seem'd a Trifle to my View,

Is less despis'd, since 'tis adorn'd by you;

And I its empty Pleasures could endure,

Were but my Soul of such a Friend secure.

How few in all the tour of Life we find,

That either can improve, or charm the Mind?

Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,

Recall one Friend to make my Mem'ry proud.

Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,

(For I have been what others call belov'd,)

Yet still my nicer Inclination sound

Some happy Fault to keep me yet unbound.

After this, turning all her Pleasure and Care to her Muse, and praying him to do the like; and then running imperceptibly into the Praise of the tenderness of his Composition concerning the Loves of CLORINDA and TANCREDI, to evade the Love offered by him to herself; all these, I say, are Beauties, which, if they were to be found in any of the ancient Writers of Poetical Love Epistles, I except not even the great Masters, Ovid and Tibullus themselves, many Pages would be filled by Commentators in their Praise.

Sixth LETTER, Pag. 25.

THE next is Serephon's Letter, and there he recapitulates in a Dream all the Lady has said to him, and answers it Paragraph by Paragraph, by way of Dialogue; turning all very dexterously to his own Favour. But the Place, which he seems most to turn to his Advantage, is that, wherein he introduces her endeavouring to divert his Mind from the farther pursuit of Love, and to join with her in cultivating those social Studies, which were wholly to terminate in the Muses, whom she is pleas'd to call his Friends; and that consequently, by his Interest in them, he may perpetuate her Fame; which, she modestly insinuates, would not long subsist without his help: These Words of hers he turns thus; and where she seems most to avoid his Courtship, there he pusheth it the most home.

CLIO is all my Pleasure and my Care,
 And I no other's Fetters wish to wear :
 To me, then CLIO, all thy Fondness give,
 And let thy truest, tenderest Lover live.
 Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
 If ev'ry Muse is, as thou say'st, my Friend ;
 Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, but one I chuse,
 Yea Heav'ns ! let CLIO be that friendly Muse ;
 Then future Ages will repeat my Name,
 For, if she'd wear it, she wou'd give it Fame.

Seventh LETTER, Pag. 35.

THE foregoing Letter had, it seems, the Misfortune to be detain'd a whole Month by a Lady, to whom the care of it was entrusted, before it was deliver'd to CLIO, which occasions, in her Answer, many Expressions of regret, and tenderest Resentment, upon the Account of her not receiving them sooner. She praiseth the chastity of his Dream, and signifies, That the Goddess of that Virtue gave her leave to approve it ; and, when she has Answer'd the Objection of those PRUDES, who might make an Exception against her going such Lengths in her Favour to him, she flies into a metaphorical RAPTURE of Poetry, that the Letter did not sooner come into her Hands, which, if LONGINUS was again to live, and to be the Judge of, he would certainly place down, as an Example of the Sublime. The Words are these :

My

*My Guardian Angel should have been their Guide,
 And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd :
 In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
 APOLLO would have caught the flying Song ;
 And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
 Thy Verse had taught his Pinions how to fly.*

Her placing him afterwards in so lively a manner before her Sight, and expressing her Ideas, that she sees his very Features, his Shape, his Air, his Look *Glowing*, as it were, when he fortunately hits upon an Expression, which he thought would please her, is a Master-Stroke in Writing which Nature must have dictated, and Art could not teach ; and like the way, with which Women Charm their Lovers, when they own they are charm'd, and by which, when they signify their Lovers steal into their Minds, they rather steal into the Minds of their Lovers : She seems to be perswading, whilst she fears to be perswaded ; and her Mind, in the close of this Letter, appears to be brought to that Progress in *Ideal Love*, as a young Woman's is in *practical Courtship*, when her *denying* is so *faint* that it *may pass* for *granting* ; and this she expresses in so *artful* a manner, as might *instruct* the most courtly *Maid* how to *act* on the same Occasion.

*The Pow'r of Verse my ravish'd Soul has prov'd,
 So can'st thou Charm, and so is CLIO mov'd.
 What artful Methods the Poetick find,
 To steal themselves into the Reader's Mind ?*

I should

*I should receive thy dang'rous Wit with care,
 For, oh! the Poet lies in Ambush there.
 I see, I hear thee, thy persuasive Art!
 Oh! keep thy Verse, and let me keep my Heart;
 Or if, oh! gentle Bard! thou art my Friend,
 While thou attack'st, instruct me to defend.*

Eighth LETTER, Pag. 41.

IN the next Letter, STREPHON may be supposed to try his utmost Interest in her Breast, upon this Incouragement, tho' the Letter is unfortunately lost; whereupon CLIO, in her Answer to it, returns to her first Intrenchment, and places all her praises in Platonick Love and pure Friendship. She calls him a Spirit, alluding to his former Dream, his Breast, she says, is Æthereal; she Owns that, in *that Sense*, she Converseth with him at Midnight; that she has pray'd to have a Lover like him *made of Air*. Says his is not an earthly Passion, but a more transcendent Flame, and that Love itself is too mean a Name for it. But, before she concludes, she acknowledgeth the Power of his Verse has excited some soft feelings in her Bosom, Vows she will retire, yet owns she cannot; desires him not to Court her, for fear she should yield; and a Thousand other beautiful tenderneſſes she Expresses altogether, but, at last, she hath recourse again to her strongest Retreat, turns all this Tide of Rapture into meer Spiritual Fondness, claims her Lovers Approbation for the Honour of doing so, and, at the same time as she rejects his Love, she demands

mands Eternal Friendship from him, and intreats
him in his Spiritual capacity to visit her every Night.

*Thus Speaks my Soul, but it alas ! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to rules confin'd,
And thou thy self wou'd chide it if too kind.
Yet whatsoever rigid form attends,
Let us at least——Eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, Oh! my charming Spright,
In Verse to Visit CLIO ev'ry Night.*

Ninth LETTER, Pag. 47.

THE next Letter is STREPHON's, and contains a Melancholly Account of the Interruption of the Gayety and pleasure of their Loves: The Subject of this Interruption is nothing less, than his receiving the ill News, that the Mistress of his tender Affections is fallen Sick. The greatest beauty, that I observe in this Letter, is, that the *Heart* of the Writer appears plainly to have a greater share in the Composition of it than the *Head*. His Description of Death approaching in all his terrors with impatience to demand him, and saying it would be less dreadful than that ill News, and then next his disbelieving it upon her being the care of Heaven: And again turning back to his first Fears, are the perfect nature and the true workings of a Mind distressed for the Indisposition of a Mistress. His turning and falling immediately to his Prayers for her Recovery, and signifying that he will remain upon his Knees, till an Express brings him the glad tidings of her restored Health, are such lively strokes

strokes of Imagery, that I *fancy* him *before my Eyes* in that *supplicating Posture*, and I remark that it is the first Letter we have of his in *Prose*, which in some measure shows the Passion between them to be *natural*, and *not feign'd*, in as much as her Illness put him under too great a Perturbation of Mind, to Express himself in his *darling way* of *Courtship*, that of *Poetry*.

Tenth LETTER, Pag. 49.

HER Answer to him is likewise in *Prose*, and she adapts every thing to the Subject of her Illness; in the midst of it she is not, indeed, employ'd in the reading of his Letters: That would have been an improper Amusement for a sick Woman. No, she read Religion, but even that must be in his Essays, which, as she tells him, he makes, as it really is, the finest subject upon Earth. And here I observe, that those Essays were probably that Book, the reading of which, as Mentioned in the Title of the first Page, gave her the first Liking to him, and occasioned their Correspondence.—As, when she is ill, she is resolved to seem to owe her serious Devotion to him, so, upon the first Appearance of, her growing better, the only real Pleasure she seems to be able to take, is, conversing with him again in Verse, which she calls healing to her Mind, and concludes with desiring it in the following Rapture.

Oh! then the sacred remedy apply,

And pleas'd I'll live, if not, with Pleasure die.

Eleventh LETTER, *Pag.* 51.

IN the next Letter STREPHON answers the Request of his CLIO ; and now his Mind is more at ease on the Consideration of her being in a likely way of Recovery, writes to her in Verse, and makes her Sickness the Subject of his Letter ; and, the whole, (if I may give my Opinion) seems to be a *Studied Piece* ; it is not like his other Letters ; 'tis undertaken rather as a Task than by Choice ; it has more of Art than Nature in it : There are many sublime Touches in it, that demand our Approbation, nay, even force our Admiration, altho' the others, according to my Taste, are much more taking.

Twelfth LETTER, *Pag.* 57.

THE next Letter is also written by STREPHON, and is an Answer to CLIO's Letter on Platonick Love, writ just before her Sickness: In this he returns to his former Way of Courtship, writes with all the Softness in Nature ; he takes occasion to argue, from his Tenderness to her, in her Illness, that she should return the same Compassion to his Mind labouring under the Pangs of Love : And exploding, with a great deal of Humour, that too Spiritualiz'd Way of Courtship in the Platonick Kind, he tells her, that he is her Lover in plain Terms, that he is composed of Body as well as Soul ; and, therefore, with their *Angelical* Converse, they ought to mingle the Discourses of the *Woman* and the *Man* : He ventures to own those two dreadful Disadvantages in a Suiter, the Disagreeableness of his Person, and the low Condition
his

and Poverty of his Fortune, and throws the Issue of his Plea wholly upon her *Mercy* and *Generosity*, the two Virtues upon which he could most rely, as being the most Predominant in her Soul.

Thirteenth LETTER, *Pag.* 63.

CLIO intitles her next Letter, an Answer to both STREPHON's amiable Epistles concerning her Illness, and Platonick Love. In the first six and twenty Lines of this Letter she makes him the highest Complements upon the Verses he writ on her Indisposition, during the time of the great Storm. *Storms*, she says, grow gentle, *Thunder* softens at the Sound of his Verse. She compares them to all the Sweetest Instruments of Musick, even up to *David's Harp*; she owns, that the Passions of her Soul are chilled and Warm'd, as the Poet pleases: She describes the Angel's descending, hearing and wondring at his Voice, becoming his Friends, and carrying up his Prayers for her, in the midst of the Storm; to the Effect of which Prayers, he beautifully attributes the Recovery of her Health: and, whilst she is praising the Loftiness of his Expressions, exceeds them with her own, and is, her self, the best Example of the Sublime she commends. At the twenty seventh Line she begins to take him to Task, for writing his other Letter against Platonick Love, with a Vein of exquisite Humour and Pleasantry: The Words are these;

But with my Praises I should Chidings join,

Thy Body is inform'd of our Design.

*Did I not tell thee, it a share wou'd claim,
 And strive to damp our everlasting Fame?
 And CLIO has a Rival now I find,
 Who knows the softest Secrets of thy Mind,
 Thou art not an intire Angel yet,
 But hast a little of the Serpent's Wit.*

After this little Sally of Humour is over, when the Sound of the Verse is perfectly altered to the Sense, and the Stile made more familiar, the better to express that Part of Raillery, she, at last, gracefully assumes the Platonick again her self, and flying into a Rapture upon Angelical Love, she again makes the Words agree with the Sense, and is all *Pomposus, Magnificent* and *Sonorous*. The Lines are these,

*A Day will come, thou will't be all refin'd,
 Thy Body as immortal as thy Mind;
 Then near thy heavenly Form my Soul shall stay,
 And pass, with thee, the never-ending Day;
 A little longer, tedious Life will end,
 And we, like Stars, together shall ascend:
 Or, shou'd I lose thee in the shining Throng,
 I soon should find thee, by thy deathless Song.
 Sure a peculiar Brightness thou wilt wear,
 From all the sparkling Crowd of Poets there.
 Sing on, and shorten Life's insipid Race,
 I long to meet thee in a noble Place,*

Where

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*Where Spirits of our Rank appear in State,
And those of lower Merit humbly wait.*

Bnt when she has shewn all Divinity of Mind (as I may call it) she is still afraid, that she must be Woman at last, and apprehends falling into the Frailty of consenting to his Desires, though the very Ground upon which she fears to do it, is a Vertue, and not a Frailty: She sees his Mind amiable, and hears from his own Mouth that he has a Body which disturbs his Mind with the Inclinations of Love; and yet he has told her it is a deformed one, and not likely to gain a return of Affection from the Fair. Therefore out of meer pity she encourages him, she admits the Lover to secure the Friend and can be said to do no more than just generously to bring, or rather force herself to endure the Corporal Man, for the sake of the Intellectual one.

*But cease to think thy Noble mind undone,
Tho' Nature put thy Body loosely on.
If 'tis unworthy of the brighter Guest
Which warms thy Verse, and sparkles in thy Breast,
I can forgive thy uningaging Clay,
Suppose it even what thy Numbers say.*

After this we may expect her Consent; for Pity, as Mr. Dryden says, still fore runs approaching Love, as Lightning does the Thunder. But oh! how full of Beauty is the yielding Maid! Did ever so much fearful granting, retracting, blushing, trembling, bewitching, Modesty appear in Action, as there is here lively painted in Expression?

*What would'st thou more ? Thy Numbers I approve,
 I like my self ——— and give thee leave to Love ;
 But oh ! incroaching mortal as thou art,
 Let still thy Spirit have the greatest part :
 You may admire me all the Ways you can,
 Give me the Lover ; but keep back the Man :
 Yet even him perhaps my Eyes could bear,
 Because thy Soul (which is my Friend) lives there,
 Let CLIO still her Empire there maintain,
 Sweet are her Laws, and gentle is her Reign,
 She shall not Tyrannize, nor thou complain.*

She has no sooner consented, but she seems beauti-
 fully ashamed of the consenting Letter ; she can en-
 dure her own Writings no longer, and his are only sui-
 table to her Taste ; she expostulates with him that
 Love ought to be *Dumb*, but when he is the Lover, it
 ought to speak, because his Eloquence alone is able
 to justify a Maid's being kind.

*I just again have read thy Letters o'er,
 And therefore can endure my own no more,
 From whence does all thy soft Expressions come,
 Sure nat from Love, for Love you know is Dumb ;
 But such a Passion may I never prove,
 Give me a speaking and a writing Love,*

*One that can with such Eloquence perswade,
And justify the Kindness of a Maid.*

The whole Letter may stand a better Example of Epistolary Poetry than any one I can find among the Antients; it seems to have been written by a Lady who had a full and lawful Call from *Minerva* and Nature to Poetry, and to have been led by nature likewise to this soft Subject of Love; so that there is left no room to wonder that this should be one of the most perfect Pieces in the Composition, in which both Art and Nature have conspired; and really where a Woman born by Nature a *Wit* and *Poetess*, writing to a Man she loves for his Sense, and by whom she is beloved for her own, first acknowledges her consent to his Courtship, what Beauties might one not expect in a Letter where *Wit* and *Nature*, *Art* and *Study*, *Love*, *Modesty*, *Passion* and *Virtue* join their forces, and exert themselves to make it fine? This must be the Verse which contains in it such Charms which cannot fail to affect all Hearts with Pleasure that are capable of receiving any, and to sooth all Minds that are susceptible of the Notions of Love: When she commends his Wit, her own Lines are full of it; when she speaks of the Loftiness of his Expressions, her own are much more sublime; and when she rallies him for not being able to keep within the bounds of Platonick Love, her Words gently steal and slide into a smoother course of Stile; she conveys her Notions familiarly, and in the easiest way imaginable; but when she enters upon the Praise of Platonick Love, she grows again Divine, like her Subject, her Sentiments rise with the Theme, and her Expressions with her Sentiments; when she touches upon Morality and Virtue, she doth it with the nicest Propriety and Delicacy;

licacy; when she pities the Passion that disturbs his Breast, she insensibly leads her self into Love; and to use the Expression of the ingenious Major *Pack*, she is borne gently down the Tide of Tenderness, in soft and easy Gales of Passion. And all the while she is thus yielding, Virgin Modesty (if I may be allowed so bold a Phrase) glows and blushes as it were in her very Lines, and adds a thousand new Charms to the other Beauties of this Poem.

Fourteenth LETTER, *Pag. 71.*

THE next Letter is STREPHON's, in which he expresseth the Increase of his Passion, and describes the different Feelings which work upon him with greater Vehemence than ever. While he is reading over and over again the last condescending Letter, he would fain give Spiritual Love the drop, and quit it entirely; he has nothing more of the Angel left in him but turns perfectly Man, and has no sooner obtained the least Glimpse of a Promise, but he is passionately eager, impetuous, and pressing for Enjoyment. But yet amidst all the hurry of his Desire, he takes the nicest care not to be so passionate as to prove Offensive; he paints Enjoyment, but then it is in the purest Images, he artfully makes Fancy personate himself, and in a transport of Imagination catches her sleeping in her Garden (alluding to her Letter intitled *The Dream* at Page 9th,) goes as far in the luscious Description as stealing a kiss from her, and wishing it might excite in her the same Desires, as he felt by Sympathy, and concludes with a Sigh that he could go no farther, and that what he even possess'd was only in Thought, and not in reality; but then he comforts himself with the Hopes of a more actual Enjoyment from the leave she had given him to Love

That

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That kind Leave he dwells upon, with all the fondness
of a desiring Lover ; he flies into a Rapture upon it ;
he gains his Mistress in Thought, and finishes his
Letter in an Extacy.

*This said, I just was yielding to Despair,
But thy last Letter dissipated Care ;
There, there you say --- my Numbers you approve,
You like your self ---- and give me leave to Love ;
Leave ? ---- O ye CUPIDS bear the Tidings high,
As the bright Orb that circles round the Sky :
To distant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,
To distant Nations her dear Accents name ;
She gives me leave ---- O sound those Words again,
And sound them till the lovely Maid I gain.*

Fifteenth LETTER, Page 75.

AS it commonly happens in other Things, when
Hopes are at the highest, that they meet with
unexpected cross Accidents, and have the greater Fall ;
so fared it with STREPHON in his Love, when his
Imagination was wound up to the highest pitch, and
he thought his Mistress his own ; a Letter full of kill-
ing News comes to his Hands from CLIO, wherein
she tells him she has heard from an Only Brother in
Spain, who invites her thither : She tells him the pas-
sionate Desire she has to see him after seven Years ab-
sence, will prevail with her to venture ; yet at the
same time she assures him, that she should be grieved to
leave nothing more than his tender Correspondence,

and intreats him to contrive some way of keeping it up. Thus all his Hopes are defeated at once, and when he thought he was nearest obtaining the Lady, she was going to *Spain*, the furthest from him; he did not want the Means of contriving a Correspondence with her in a foreign Climate, but what he most passionately wanted, was, a much closer Correspondence: This unexpected Distress gives an occasion for one of the most Passionate, and (what I think one of the best, Letters he has written.

Sixteenth LETTER, *Pag.* 77.

STREPHON in the very beginning of this Epistle seems perfectly Thunder-struck with the News of his Mistress's departure; bewildred as it were with Woe, he begins his Letter as Nature always dictates in such Cases; abruptly, as Rhetoricians call it, and in this Place it is the greatest Beauty so to begin. Starting as it were in Surprise, he pictures, to his Imagination, a number of Merchants standing on a Shore, beholding their Ships richly laden, and under Sail, dancing towards them on the curling Waves with a flattering Gale, thinking their Merchandizes already safe in their Hands, exulting and leaping with Joy at the happy Sight, and blessing Fortune as a Goddess that was indulgent to their Wishes; but then he immediately paints the Wayward Female Deity, amidst all her capricious Humour of Mutability and Inconstancy; She spightfully commands, and *Aeolus* obeys, the Winds rise blustering, the Clouds gather, the Seas swell into Mountains; the Merchants complain in vain, the tall Masts sink behind the rising Billows, and they have no farther use for their Eyes but to weep. After this lively Picture of Woe, he brings the Parallel home,

anl

and carries home the Allegory throughout with great exactness and nicety. She is to him more precious than the Diamonds; the fluctuations of a Mind in Love, he justly compares to the troubled Sea; her Arms are his secure Harbour, and her Smiles are his inviting Coast. At last, by her Consent he seems approaching to her with the greatest Security; but just at that Instant the same fickle Goddess of Fortune snatches her away from his Sight. This Allegory suits so much to my Taste, and is so full of lively Imag'ry, that I must insert it here, as being one of those I account the most beautiful Passages. After having represented the Merchant's Distress as above, he carries on the Comparison.

How nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,

When small Reflection makes the Case one's own?

Richer were I, than those that share the East,

If thy soft Form my clasping Arms possess;

On Seas of Troubles has my Mind been tost,

Long sought, thro' Risques of being ever lost,

Thy Arms its Harbour, and thy Smiles its Coast.

Sometimes in Hope, but oft'ner in Despair,

Till you at length inclin'd to hear my Pray'r.

Just as to home-row'd Barks th' increasing Shores

Jet forth, and seem to meet the lab'ring Oars.

So tow'rd's thy Bosom did I swiftly steer,

The Way seem'd shorten'd, and the Sky was clear;

*You seem'd approaching — Nature's self was gay,
 And I serener than a Summer's Day;
 But destiny's black Cloud still lurk'd behind,
 My Stars grew Cruel, just as you grew Kind:
 Me frustrate Hopes convey to Dennis Plain,
 And Fortune snatches thee away to Spain.*

But there is a secret Beauty which I remark in this Poem, that shews a great deal of Art in the Writer; when her Brother had sent for her, an only Brother which she had not seen so long, and it appear'd to suit both with her Inclination and Interest to go to him, tho' the Lover must be unwilling to part with her, yet it was not consistent with his part of Friendship too strongly, and too plainly to dissuade her from the Voyage; and for this Reason it is, he compares the loss of her, to the losses of Merchants at Sea, that he might have an opportunity of describing the inconstancy of the Heavens, a Calm first, and a Storm immediately succeeding, in order to instill into her Breast, with a great deal of hidden Art (where he does not seem to design it) a great many Fears and Dangers to deter her from attempting the hazard of a Voyage. After this, when he is reduc'd to the necessity of either dissuading her from going contrary to her declared Inclinations, or else perswading her to go quite contrary to his own; he behaves himself very Artful in so nice a Crisis, dividing himself into the Lover and the Friend. As a Lover he has Tears in his Eyes, which he makes his dumb Advocates for her Stay. As a Friend, he consults her Inclinations, her Pleasures, and her Interest; he not only plainly advises her to go, but hastens her, and offers himself to lead her to the Ship with
 his

his own Hand ; at the same time bemoaning his low Condition of Fortune, and sorrowing that he was not in Circumstances to bear the Expence of Travelling with her ; and that therefore he must be left behind. This I count another beautiful Passage, every Line is wonderfully adapted to move Pity and Compassion, and excite Love and Esteem.

Yet hear, my CLIO, thy best Friend advise ;

[Tho' thy Friend's Counsel melts thy Lover's Eyes.]

Since thou hast got an only Brother there,

Wife like his Sister, like his Sister Fair :

Since he has sole Possession of thy Mind,

Which might possess the Hearts of all Mankind ;

May all, that can, it's lov'd Acquaintance boast,

Render its Slaves, but STREPHON still the most.

Go — yes thou shalt — my Hand shall be my Foe,

My Hand shall lead thee, since thou'rt bent to go ;

And if base Fortune were less harsh to me,

I'd the Companion of that Voyage be.

But as to Fortune in this earthly State,

My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate :

Go — share the Pleasures of a Brother's Breast,

And leave a Lover void of Joy and Rest,

For me no matter — CLIO will be blest.

To some dark lonely Cave I can retire,

Weep away Life, and with a Groan expire.

Seventeenth

Seventeenth LETTER, Pag. 83.

CLIO in her Answer replies to both his last Letters at the same time. In the one he had told her his Passion was increased ; and in the other, he advised her to go to *Spain*. In this Letter we must consider CLIO no more in her Angelical Capacity of Platonick Love, but as a Virgin that had admitted the Courtship of a Man, and as to a Woman that was so far overcome as to own that the Courtship proceeded by her Leave, and that she well approv'd of the Courtier. When we have placed her in this new Light, we can't much wonder that she rallies her Lover, upon his saying this Moment that his Passion was increas'd ; and at the next, advising her to go quite away from him into a foreign Country ; but then she rallies too, as not to seem to rally at the same time, and indeed accuses him with a great deal of courtly Decency ; she would appear to commend him for his Advice, and signifies that she doth not take it as an Argument of his Passion being abated ; but yet, by her way of concluding from thence, with a Resolution of going ; and signifying, that he fartherers her Design, shows that what she said before, carries with it only an Air of Compliment, and that the Woman appears at the bottom of it all. She inwardly condemns his Advice, whilst she extreamly commends it, and palpably takes it for an Affront to Love, whilst she openly professes she does not. This she beautifully performs in the following Lines, with her usual Art and Address.

I'm

I'm lost in Thought --- which I shou'd most commend,
The Lover, the Philosopher, or Friend,
They all delight so much, they all so high ascend.
Rarely those Titles do so well agree,
The pleasing Wonder is all new to me,
A thousand different Virtues shine in thee.
My Friendship you deserve so many ways,
Thy tender Passion, and enchanting Lays,
Inspire my grateful Song to chaunt thy Praise.
Preferring CLIO's Int'rest to thy own
Is such a Compliment I have not known.
Thy kind Philosophy I do approve,
Nor think thy offer an Affront to Love,
For I by common Methods never move.
Yes, I will go —— you farther my Design.

She proceeds then under the Covert of a Moral,
 and desiring his farther Counsel in the Conduct of Life,
 artfully to excite his Jealousy, by signifying the
 Dangers she may have from the Courtship of other
 Men in *Spain* that may be less generous Lovers than
 himself; and notwithstanding what she formerly said
 to the Disparagement of her own Beauty, she here
 puts him in Mind, that she has some Charms, and a
 great deal of Youth. The Words seem to me ex-
 ceeding pretty.

Say.

*Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend
 Thy gen'rous Arm, thy faithful Counsel lend;
 This little Bark, Oh! teach me how to guide,
 Far from the Rocks of Levity and Pride;
 For oh! I go, where I must think to find,
 Things of thy Form, without thy Godlike Mind.
 The lively Youth upon my Temples play.*

However she is willing to explain that there is some Love at the bottom of his Expressions, and has so much Pity for him, that she endeavours to sooth the Melancholly which he expresses at his Disappointment in losing her, and the narrowness of his Fortune, which restrains him from bearing her company in her intended Voyage. This she does by telling him that he has her for a Companion in Misfortunes, and that she too had met with her share of Sorrow, and relates to him a moving melancholly Story of losing her Father, who was basely Murder'd; and then addresses him upon the subject of his own Grief, for which he has no such moving Cause as she has had; and advises him to bear the Parting from her with an equal Mind, and comforts him farther with this Reflection, that if his Name had no place in the Books of Fortune, it had a very bright one in the Books of Fame, and was consigned to Immortality: She tells him then in the finest Complement that can be, how far she would have a hand in spreading his Fame, especially in Spain, where she was going. This part of her Letter which is a lofty and Sublime Panygerick, seems to me to be written in the Manner, and with that very same Vigour and Spirit which was the peculiar Characteristick of the immortal

mortal Mr. *Addison*, when he employ'd his divine Pen in Panygerick, who (for I must just take this small occasion of offering some little Incense to the *Manes* of that great Poet) in my Opinion far excells Mr. *Waller* in that way; tho' my Lord *Rochester* first, and Major *Pack* afterwards, allow *Waller* to have had a Talent above any Man in Subjects of Panygerick, and of Love; and if Mr. *Addison* has exceeded him in one, I may venture to say this, that *Clio* is at least Mr. *Waller's* Equal in both Capacities; she has a Fancy as strong, Sentiments as elevated, and a Judgment as correct.

*Let Partial Fate be cruel to thy Name,
 Since it is written in the Book of Fame,
 To whatsoever Nation I'm convey'd,
 My Poet shall be still Immortal made:
 I will thy Merit and thy Lays rehearse,
 And charm the witty Spaniard with thy Verse,
 Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly shall submit,
 To thy Superiour Tenderness and Wit,
 Spain shall not still her noble Lovers boast,
 Nor always triumph o'er our Frozen Coast;
 Far from the Sun, the Lord of sprightly Fires,
 BRITANNIA lies; but she has soft Desires.
 The God of Love flies here with slower Wing,
 But yet her Martial Sons can Love and Sing,
 For here the Myrtles, Bays, and Laurels Spring.*

Thy

*Thy Numbers are so Tender and so Bright,
They shall appear, and do thy Nation Right;*

Here again she returns (since she had before confess'd a Liking to him) to shew that Love, and Constancy remain in her own Bosom, and wittily takes an Occasion (passingly) to put him in mind of his own Want of both, in not yet taking the Advantage of seeing her, which he might have done if he would. Then she warmly expostulates with him, whether he would at least remember those Letters of hers, in which she beautifully says she has sent him the Picture of her Soul painted with her Pen. Next she kindly takes his Part against her own Expostulation, and concludes with promising her self a lasting place in his Remembrance, and him an everlasting Friendship for his own Reward. These are the Lines,

*But while on Fancy's Wing I fly to Spain,
A mournful Thought recalls me back again:
Thou wilt thy absent CLIO's Eyes forget,
But I mistake,—Thou hast not seen them yet,
Soon all thy soft Ideas thou wilt lose,
That fire thy Soul, and animate thy Muse,
The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour show,
And often turning round advance thee low.
Wilt thou remember absent CLIO then,
And know the Picture of her Soul again,
Which she has sent thee painted with her Pen.*

I hear

*I hear thy Sighing Heart affirm it will,
 My pain is lost and all my Fears are still,
 Oh! what shall I return thy soft Regard,
 Be everlasting Friendship thy Reward,
 Such as thy Soul so ardently demands,
 Whose truest value STREPHON understands.*

Eighteenth LETTER, *Page* 89.

[N Answer to the foregoing Letter, STREPHON grounds his, which he calls his Complaint; he Acts the Lover now, as he had done the Friend before, and as he then advised her to go, he now implores her to stay; he begins with even calling her Cruel to think of going, and where she terms it his Council, he accuses her of laying artful Blames upon him: He distinguishes between his Friendship and his Love, with a great deal of Humour and Pleasantry, and tells her that she is a little *Sophister* in Poetry, not to make the same Distinction. This Raillery in Argument continues for about twenty Lines, wherein he accuses himself for having acted the Friend at all, calls it being Wise out of Season, and dully good, to permit his Judgment to counsel what was Repugnant to his Will, and then smartly argues her of being unfairly Witty to take that part against him; where he owns his Head had erred against the Dictates of his Heart. And this Part of the Epistle is written in a Stile particularly familiar and suitable to the Subject. When he has endeavour'd, as much as he can, to Railly her out of her Design of following his advice in going to *Spain*; he tries next what Gravity will do, and considers her Departure as a matter Important to his own Repose.

f

He

He afresh takes recourse to his Intreaties and Prayers for her stay, begs as a condemned Man would for a Reprieve, accuses her for entertaining a single Thought that he could part from her without Pain, expresses the Agonies of his Heart, on the doleful Occasion, and uses all the tender Words he can to revive Pity and Compassion within her Bosom.

Nineteenth LETTER, *Page 95.*

AS the Aim of STREPHON's last Letter, was to move Pity, we may judge how far Art and Nature joyn'd in stirring up that Passion, by finding in this Answer of CLIO, that her Heart was affected with it, she administers Comfort to him in the tend'rest manner she can. And in the two first Lines (for I never heard that the Lady understood the Latin of OVID, neither do I know that that part of him was ever made *English*,) she has shown her Genius to be perfectly OVIDIAN, for they are Word for Word the same.

Discite sanari, per quem didicistis amare
Una Manus vobis vulnus opemq; feret.

*Let CLIO thy complaining Heart appease,
The Hand that Wounded shall restore thy Ease.*

She says all the kind Things to him that are possible, to convince him that he has still her Esteem; and what is more, she Revives him with the Knowledge that she her self is also convinced on her Part, that he has a Love and Fondness for her, and 'tis necessary she should continue it: Nay, furthermore, as if she her self desired it, she very wittingly Prophecies that he will continue those his Affections to her.

Thus

Thus far she speaks in all the Tenderness of a kind Mistress, but still the resenting Woman is to punish the erring Suitor a little longer, for committing such an affront to Love, as letting his Friendship gain the better of his Passion, and advising her to go.—That unpallatable advice sticks uppermost still, and she must Punish him a little more before the Crime is attoned for. It is but reasonable for her, she thinks, to offer him Friendship instead of Love, in her Turn, since he had set her the Example, for this End she instructs him what kind of a Friendship his must be to please her, that his Wishes must be Temperate and Cool, and that he must prescribe Rules to his Fondness. She owns the Task to be difficult, but at the same Time requires his Obedience, and proposes her self for his Example, asserting that she is a Philosopher in Love; she then Condemns her self of Vanity and Folly, for having felt so much as a single Pleasure in so fine a Gentlemans Courtship, even at those Years which she calls her defenceless Youth, but her Heart is now Steel'd by Time and grown a perfect Stoick, so that unhappy STREPHON, for one single Error, seems to have all his Courtship to begin a new. But when she has imposed upon him this severe and cruel Task, there still appears so much remaining Kindness, as obligeth her to give him Encouragement enough to keep him from Despair in the performance. She owns that Love and Friendship are the only Joys of this Life, and Youth the Time in which they best take Root and Flourish, and says she Fancies she could Resign them all. And talks very Morally of Death, but prettily insinuates she has some doubt whether she perfectly knows her own Mind, in that Case, if she was put to the Tryal, and to show him how vast a Portion of Esteem he enjoys in her Bosom; she says that if she was Dying, and encompassed by her dear-

est Friends, bathed in Tears, the last and only Glory she should then take would be, that she was once loved, and had her Name sung by him. Affection and Constancy is here so well pictured, that it gives him more room to Hope, than any thing she could say before gave him cause to distrust. The lines are these.

*Lovers and Friends, those only joys below,
If I thy CLIO's Inclination know,
And flying Youth itself she could forego,
Half of my Sands are ebb'd, what do remain
Fall when they will, are scarcely worth my pain,
But when the solitary last appears,
And CLIO's few dear Friends are bath'd in Tears,
It will her last and only Glory be,
That once her Name was lov'd and Sung by thee.*

I can't part with these Verses before I make one Remark or two more upon the singular Beauty of them; I think it is the famous Mounſieur *Bruyer*, who when he had a mind to expreſs the Fondneſs that a Celebrated young Beauty had for her own Charms, is applauded for finding out this lively way of expreſſing it, viz. That the laſt thing a fine Young Woman thinks of when ſhe Dies, is the loſs of her Beauty. If he has rightly judged the Temper of a Woman, we may Argue from hence the exceſs of Fondneſs in theſe Verſes, where a Young Beautiful Woman aſſures her Lover, that the laſt thing ſhe ſhall think of, or glory in, will not be her own Charms, but his Wit and the Love and Eſteem he bore her. Some Criticks who
are

are of a more Morose Temper than I, who are more given to search after Faults than commend Excellencies (and when they do commend, they do it very sparingly) may blame me for dwelling so long upon this Passage; but I think I shall sufficiently answer them, by telling them that **TIBULLUS** and **OVID**, who were the Masters of this kind of Epistolary and Elegiack Poetry, are of the same mind with my self; **TIBULLUS** was the first Author of two Verses, the which **CLIO**'s resemble in his first Elegy, the latter Part of which is addrest to his **DELIA**.

Te Spectem, suprema mihi cum venerit hora

Te teneam moriens deficiente manu.

Which I take the liberty thus to Translate,

Oh! may these Eyes, while thine divinely blaze,

Fix on their Lustre, at my Dying gaze,

And closing snatch the beauties of thy Face.

These hands, when all their force the Nerves resign,

At the last tremble, shall be grasping thine.

OVID, in his Ninth Elegy of the third Book on the Death of **TIBULLUS**, shows that he was perfectly affected with the beauty of these Lines, above any other in **TIBULLUS**'s Works, by quoting the Sense of them in his Praise, in the following Lines.

DELIA discedens, Felicius, inquit, amata

Sum tibi: Vixisti dum, tuus ignis eram.

Cui

Cui NEMESIS, Quid, ait, tibi sint mea damna
dolori?

Me tenuit moriens deficiente manu.

Thus English'd by Major Pack.

DELIA departing from the mournful Train,

Cry'd "Hapless Object of my present Pain!

"I charm'd thee once, nor charm'd thee then in
Vain;

"Vigour and Joy danc'd Sparkling in thy Ey's.

Stung with the Thought, proud NEMESIS replies:

"Boast not the Sallies of his roving Youth:

His last faint dying Grasp confirm'd his truth.

Twentieth LETTER, Pag. 99.

STREPHON's answer in the foregoing Letter is fill'd with a matter of fresh Complaint, arising from a Report which it seems he had heard from the Mouth of another Lady, that CLIO was actually Married or very near it, at the time she gave him leave to Love; the whole is written with a Gallant kind of Disorder, and shows the true perplexity of his Soul when he writ it. It seems to have been pen'd down by Starts just as Fears, Jealousies, Rage, Hopes, Doubts, Wishes, and Desires rule most predominantly in his Mind, and dictated by turns: He hopes and Despairs; he Believes and is not willing to Believe; the Story in one Breath, as I may say, (that is in one period.) I fancy I see him writing before me when I read the following Lines.

If

*If what I've heard (O CLIO) should be true,
 Me have the Fates strove rightly to undo,
 And Wit was most sincerely plac'd in you.
 I've heard (I wish I had not Ears to hear,
 Or else more Patience, what I've heard, to bear:)
 I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have from strong report,
 You wedded, when you gave me leave to Court.
 You did not, could not, 'tis Adult'rate News,
 Credit I did, and I do still refuse,
 Bright was the Dame, that did those Tidings bear,
 And if Maids can be false, that are so fair,
 There mayn't—Yes—may be room for my Despair.*

This last line has an inimitable beauty in the sudden break, and the just reverting of the self same Thought.

After this, as if he takes it for granted, he expostulates with her upon her conceiv'd Falshood, very warmly calls her the dear Blaster of his Youth; says, That if he should live, he fears he should say somewhat harsh of a Name, tho' still dear to him, (tho' confessing it would be a madness so to do) and conjures her therefore to tell him the fatal Truth, that some other Person is happy in the Enjoyment of her; and signifies, that the News coming from her own Mouth would be the best Expedient to keep him from complaining of the Cruelty he had met with, by striking him dead at once. All these Passions are hit off at such a Heat, that they are better felt than describ'd, as your self may judge from his own Words.

If

*If it be true, dear blaster of my Youth,
Tho' you must blush, yet own the stabbing Truth.
For should I live perhaps another Day,
I somewhat harsh of thy dear Name might say;
Strike dumb that Madness, and, to lay me dead,
Tell me some happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Priding in Truth, I'll my last Hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wish the Joy.*

The too last Lines are a Copy of the same beautiful Insinuation of his Constancy in Death, as those Lines of hers were, which I Remark'd upon at the Conclusion of the *twentieth Letter*; and he Copies them with as much Justness and Eloquence from her, as OVID did his, which are, in the same Place, quoted from TIBULLUS.

Twenty first LETTER, *Page 107.*

BY CLIO's Prose Letter, which follows, it appears that she made him do Penance sufficiently for this Transgression, in obliging him to write at least twenty Letters to excuse himself, for giving so easy a Credit to so false a Report. It would be a long Work to point out the several artful Turns in this Letter of hers, wherein she signs his Pardon; for strokes of Wit and Humour abound in every Line, and I refer you to it, not doubting but you will find the same Pleasure in reading it as I did.

Twenty

Twenty second LETTER, *Pag.* 109.

IN STREPHON's Reply to this; I find nothing Remarkable; but only in order to connect the Sense of the Epistles together: I shall observe he took her Displeasure, and some of his own private Misfortunes so much to Heart, that he fell sick upon it; desires some Verses from her as the best Comfort to a distemper'd Mind; and begs, in order to confirm his Recovery, he may have leave to see her.

Twenty third LETTER, *Pag.* 110.

CLIO in her next is very indulgent; she tells him, That she mourns for him her self, as is natural to Souls that are ally'd by the same Genius and Inclinations; and asks Pardon very prettily indeed for what she calls her Ambition, of bearing such an Alliance of Mind to him; she even invites him to come to her, and make her a Sharer of his Sorrows.

Twenty fourth LETTER, *Pag.* 115.

STREPHON, in his reply to this Letter, boasts of his being very much recover'd and reviv'd, but that his Genius still retains too great a Damp from his late Afflictions to be able to answer her in Verse; and that before it can be brightned up again, he must derive a new *Inspiration* from the sight of her. He sends her however a Poem upon *Buckingham House*, which he Wrote a Year before, and I think it great pity that such a Poem as that should have been lost, which she thinks fit so warmly to commend in the Verses, which she has Written thereon; they begin at *Pag.*

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117, and are all so Admirable in themselves, that were to give them their due Applause, I should be obliged to quote them here as one entire continued Beauty, I must beg leave, therefore to be excused for contenting my self with singling out the Ten last Verses only, which conclude the Poem, and which I take to be written exactly in the Addisonian manner.

PHOEBUS the God of Musick and of Thought,
Shall guard the Wonders, he himself has wrought.
When his fierce steeds drive to the last great Day,
And o'er the melting Clouds bound swift away,
When from their gilded Harnesse they shall Fly,
And bear to Earth the Light'ning of the Sky.

Then Common Verse.

Expiring shall assist the mighty Flame.
Thine shall unwounded be convey'd above.
And teach the Angels how to Sing and Love.

Twenty fifth LETTER, Page 123.

AT last our Lovers are met, and they both give us indeed an elegant Account of their Interview. Some in this Place would expect STREPHON at least to be a little more than ordinary Luscious in his Expressions; but we find his wonted Modesty still prevails, but not so far as to deprive him of a Lovers warmth, he draws Beauties where they should be drawn, from all the natural Circumstances attending the Visit. The very Time of Year, the Climate she lives

lives in, the Illness he is so lately recovered from, his own private Misfortunes, are all made the Instruments of her Praise, and as his Fancy took its first new Vigour from her Benevolence; he invokes her as a Muse, as she bears the Name of one in the Beginning of his Poem: And truly afterwards he seems to have received the Inspiration he had implor'd, he even Rivals the very Excellency of his Mistress and writes beyond himself, he makes good his Words in a former Letter, where he Prophefied this of himself in the following Words, *viz.* I think what I shall want in Genius, will be so much more than made up by the Subject, that I shall not (in that one Poem in the interview) be afraid of being compared with **TIBULLUS**, **CATULLUS** **PROPERTIUS**, **AUSONIUS**, or even the great **OVID** himself, or of being thought a Writer inferior to the best of them: I will not incert any of it here, but I venture to make this Judgment upon the whole my self, that every single Line contains a new Beauty; and I don't at all doubt but I shall have the Satisfaction to hear my Judgment confirmed by that of the more Learned, If the Interview of **STREPHON** justly deserves this Praise, I need not Attempt to make any farther Panygerick upon **CLIOS**, then this; that as he has been superiour to himself in his Composition, so she at least is equal to her self in hers, and when she is equal to her self, I know no Female Author deserves a superiour Character, not excepting the **ORINDA** and **ASTREA**, she speaks off in it who were an Honour to our English Nation, nor **MADAM Dacier** who is an Ornament to the French.

I have been long in my Criticism, but hope it will be excused upon this Consideration, that altho' I give it the Title of a single Letter, yet it contains Remarks upon more than Twenty. If in Reading those you meet with the same Satisfaction and Pleasure as I did
I shall

I shall content my self with having barely recommended them to your perusal, without desiring any further Applause of my Manner of doing it, than knowing that you Excuse this and Approve those. If I have not been so accurate in my Expressions, as a Criticism upon a Peice of Poetry might seem to require, I am sure you have Humanity enough to let me plead my Familiarity with you, as a good Reason why I did not Study them better; since a Man ought never to Study what he has to say, but always to write as he talks to his Friend. If the Criticism upon the Poesy happens to mark out more Beauties than may seem so to Persons of a thorough Poetical Taft, I can please my self with this Consideration, at least, that I have scarce singled out one Passage, wherein the Sentiments contained carry not with them a delicate Taft of Friendship, Love, or Morals, or wherein the Expressions have not a happy Turn of gentele Raillery, and are always delivered with Courtly Manners.

I shall conclude therefore with saying of them the very same Thing that the ingenious MAJOR PACK has said of the Roman Elegiack Poets in his Essay.

“ From the little draft of their Characters, one may
 “ judge how Edifying any of their Compositions
 “ must needs be to an elegant Understanding. And
 “ indeed what sincerity in Friendship, what fondness
 “ in Love, what kindness to Relations, what Instances
 “ of all the Social Virtues do we not meet with
 “ in these Writings? not to mention a Thousand ornaments
 “ of Wit, a wonderful Sweetness and easy
 “ Cadence in their Numbers, and so true a Picture of
 “ Life and Love, that will recommend the Manners
 “ of this Age to Posterity. I am,

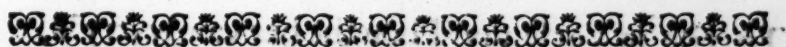
Sir,

Your most Devoted, and Obligated Humble Servant.

JOHN PORTER.



THE
EPISTLES
OF
CLIO *and* STREPHON.



TO STREPHON,

Who having had a fine Description of CLIO's Person, by a Lady from whom he first received CLIO's Verses in Commendation of a Book which he had published, sends a Letter signifying his Desire to see her.

N. B. The two first Copies of Verses are mislaid, and not to be found.



PROUD to be prais'd by thy excelling
Pen,

With partial Eyes I view my Form again;

Yet nothing there to my Advantage find

But the good Humour glowing in my Mind,

Which thy inspiring Verse had left behind.

2 *The EPISTLES of*

All I can boast, is by thy Hand bestow'd ;
And I return it back from whence it flow'd.
From Flatt'ry so so artfully express't,
Who can defend a vain Poetick Breast ?
In softest Sounds 'tis to the Heart apply'd :
Ah ! who can be insensible of Pride ?
If thy great Sire would crown my soft Design,
I'd raise thy Vanity, as thou do'st mine.
To rise in Verse my Thought has vainly try'd,
APOLLO's thine, and partial to thy Side.
No Beam upon my barren Fancy shines ;
They're all contracted to thy stronger Lines.
Thy Fame and Merit, equally secure
Would bear ——but how should I the Test endure ?
All o'er Confusion I thy Eyes should meet,
And blushing, from the nice Survey retreat.
Far from the Picture thy bright Pencil wrought
I should, by thee, as by my self, be thought :

I should

CLIQ and STREPHON. 3

I should a Coward grow, and sink with Fear,
 Tho' Distance gives me some Assurance here :
 But Heav'n forbid that you should ever see
 That *Outside*, which the *vulgar* World calls *Me*.
 Trust me, bright Youth, no Danger would appear,
 Or to your Eyes, or your well-judging Ear.
 Nature has been ungentle to my Face,
 With artless Fingers shadow'd ev'ry Grace :
 * Deep has she left her cruel Marks behind,
 As if she meant to scarr my very Mind.
 My Skin she sully'd with a fallow Hue,
 That scarce my Soul is seen to sparkle thro' :
 A little Voice my kinder Stars have lent,
 By which they mean to hush my Discontent ;
 Else could I scarce my Imperfections bear,
 M' unpleasing Person, and my Peasant Air.

B 2

Nor

* *The Lady had the Small-Pox but a very Little.*

4 *The EPISTLES of*

Nor can I at the odious Glafs attend;
 In hopes these hapless Features to befriend:
 Careless and dull, I've scarce a Wish to please;
 Fond of this Solitude and humble Ease.
 Here I forget my own unlovely Form;
 Laugh at the World, too low to feel the Storm,
 Which does the potent Bufflers oft invade,
 And shakes the taller Poplars of the Shade.
 Happy and Rich, if my mean Song can raise
 Thy Pleasure, or excite thy tuneful Lays.
 Whate'er thy Person be, I shall o'er pass;
 Who would throw Diamonds by, to look on Glafs?
 Or who would mind the Stars imperfect Light,
 When the great God of Day attracts the Sight?

C L I O.

A N



A N
E P I S T L E

F R O M

STREPHON to CLIO,

*Wherein he sends his Soul before to prepare
her, and tell her the indifferent Figure
of his whole Person, that she might not be
surpriz'd when he came to see her.*



When CLIO's last he first began to read ;

Thus sighing to himself, her STRE-
(PHON said,

Sighing as if that Sigh foretold him
(dead.)

Well then thou pant'st (my Soul !) thou would'st
(depart,

From STREPHON's Breast, and fly to CLIO's Heart ;

B 3

Yet

6 *The EPISTLES of*

Yet learn (my Soul) and oh! betimes beware,
Too well thou know'st the Danger of the Snare,
How weak thy self, how powerful the Fair.
If go thou wilt, in this last Breath be gone,
But strive, be sure, strive hard, or thou'rt undone.

When CLIO's Lines a fresh thy STREPHON read,
Thus his Soul answ'ring to thy STREPHON said;
To STREPHON then half languishing, half dead.

Yes, tho' she's born by Nature to subdue,
By Heav'ns, 'tis glorious Fate — and I'll pursue;
Conquer she can — but sure she can't undoe.

But if she *can* — and *will* — I'll be her Prize;
For if my *Niggard Stars* wont let me *Rise*,
Oh! let me *fall* by CLIO's *brighter Eyes*.

Just at these Words he felt his Strength decay,
And sinking in a Trance, he strove to say,
Oh! bear these Words, my Soul, then fleet away.

Tell

CLIO *and* STREPHON.

7

Tell her, in this, her STREPHON did enroll,
With tend'rest Wishes, his departing Soul.
Oh! beg her take thee to an Angel's Rest,
And fold thee kindly in her balmy Breast.
Tell her, their Spirit to her Soul shall cleave,
When on her Breast the panting Verses heave :
Then if thy Body ling'ring comes behind,
To seek its Treasure, and its Soul to find ;
Oh! tell her by what am'rous Marks 'tis known,
Left its thin Frame be shiver'd by her Frown :
Tell her, that as in some Poetick Scene
Ghosts are describ'd to skim along the Green ;
So, if she e'er descries on *Denni's* Plain
A tall and thin, a pale dejected Man,
Awkward in Port, and overwhelm'd with Spleen,
In whom the Image of Despair is seen ;
Tell her, with Anger not to arm her Eye,
But pleading Mercy — whisper — *That is I.*

8 *The EPISTLES of*

Say, that thus far I of that Figure boast,
 That CLIO got the Soul, and made the Ghost.
 If with her Smile she will that Loss repair,
 I'll mend and alter that dejected Air.
 Bid her with Tendernefs the Vision use,
 And be my Mistress as She is my Muse.
 Say, you my soft Ambassador was sent,
 To beg her Bosom for my easy Tent;
 That, like a trembling Bird by Parents lost,
 Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Frost;
 Pining I must, and melancholly fray,
 Till Love, and she, revive and make me gay.
 I'll do it all, the Soul departing said,
 And bid the Body fall entirely dead.

STREPHON.



CLIO'S ANSWER

By way of D R E A M,

In her fine Garden on the Plain of St. Dennis.Ay, by what mighty Pow'rs harmonious
Bond

Our Spirits sympathize and correspond?

As thy soft Soul departed from thy Breast,

Mine, with unusual Tenderness oppress,

Repos'd within a melancholly Shade,

Where Nature has my little Study made :

Close are the Boughs to one another join'd,

That only CLIO can an Entrance find.

Sad

10. *The EPISTLES of*

Sad PHILOMELA had begun her Song ;
And Love and Musick warbl'd on her Tongue :
Tho' of her Lover she so sweetly plains,
To thine, oh ! how inferiour are her Strains !
Charm'd by thy Verse, and by her Songs to Rest,
My yielding Eyes the God of Sleep confess :
But tho' his Leaden Rod triumphant reign'd,
My grateful Hand with Care thy Lines contain'd.
Methought I heard a tuneful Voice behind,
Oh ! where shall I the gentle CLIO find ?
Guide me, sweet Boy, for thou hast made me blind.
Soft was the Sound, as Winds that brush the Grass,
And sighing o'er the falling Blossoms pass ;
Or as poor *Eccho's* Voice, when out of Breath,
Her panting Lungs have sigh'd themselves to Death.
The gloomy Arbour suddenly grew bright,
And I beheld a lov'ly Youth in white,
Supported by two Gods, both Strangers to my Sight.
They

CLIO and STREPHON. II

They both were crown'd, methoughts, but diff'rent
ways;

The one with Lovers Tears, and one with Bays:

But as I gaz'd, an Arrow straight appear'd,

My Heart beat fast, and for its Safety fear'd.

Oft had I seen the Boy on Canvas glow,

But scarce e'er felt the Power of his Bow.

APOLLO led thee trembling to my Feet;

I rose methought, thy lovely Form to meet;

And as my Eyes more curiously survey'd,

I saw thy Robe of deathless Numbers made,

Which, as you graceful mov'd, around you play'd.

Your languid Eyes were to the Earth declin'd;

Yet, as they downward bent, the Muses shin'd:

The am'rous Myrtle bloom'd upon thy Breast,

And thus thy tuneful Soul it self express.

A Trembling Bird, that has its Parents lost,

Wounded by cruel Hands and nipping Frost;

Pining,

12 The EPISTLES of

Pining, alas! I melancholly stray,

Till Love and CLIO smile and make me gay.

From STREPHON'S Bosom I this Night am fled;

Aloud I cry'd, Is then my Poet dead?

My Arms I folded, and declin'd my Head.

Adieu sweet Poetry! Expire my Lays,

Or only Live to Sigh and Sing his Praise.

A finer Voice no Youth could ever boast,

He charm'd the World, but CLIO's Heart the
most.

Oh! that my Fate would one Request allow;

I've heard of Transmigration, grant one now:

Permit his Soul to dwell in CLIO's Breast,

Let hers depart, and fly away to Rest;

For it is weary of this wretched Clay,

Wants higher joys, and longs to wing away.

Sure, there are better Worlds, than this, above,

Where there is Innocence and faithful Love:

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 13

Small Diff'rence 'tween our Bosoms would be known
For CLIO's Passions all are like his own.

Here Sorrow, such as Verse can hardly paint,
With held my Voice, and made my Spirits faint;
I wak'd, and found my lovely Vision fled,
And sigh'd, as I forsook my grassy Bed,
Oh! Live my STREPHON, 'till I wish thee dead.

Clio.



Going

CLIO AND STEPHEN. 13

Small Distance 'twixt them that Belov'd would be known?

For Clío's Passions all are in a swoon.

Here sorrow, such as Vets can hardly find,

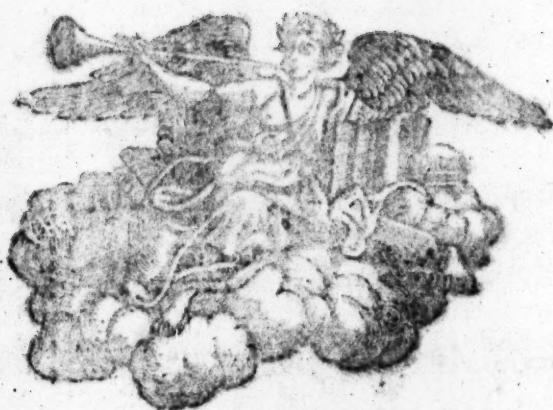
With held my Voice, and made my Spirit's fine;

I wak'd, and found my lovely Vision dead,

And sigh'd, as I look'd on my gaily Bed,

Oh! Live my STEPHEN, till I with thee dead.

CLIO.



Going



*Going with an Intent to see CLIO,
But not bold enough to Inquire for her ;*

O R,

The COMBAT between HOPE
and FEAR.



Less me ! How strange the Hearts of Men
are made,

This moment bold, and yet the next afraid !

With what vast Joys, what Ecstasies, inspir'd,

Did I propose to see whom I admir'd ?

Big with vain Hopes I march'd securely on,

And thought I'd Courage to be so undone.

But

16 *The EPISTLES of*

But when I reach'd the Confines of the Place,
To which, tho' graceful, thou do'st add new Grace,
My beating Heart began to sink apace :

How did it pant with Joy, and wish 'twas near,
And yet, when 'twas so, palpitate with Fear ?

Now by thy Charms allur'd, I seek the Track,
Arm'd with fresh Hopes, fresh Fears affright me back.
Thy awful Beauties, in my Mind, I view,
And Hopes and Fears alternately subdue.

'Twas in that doubtful Hour of Love-debate,
When now I courted, and then shunn'd my Fate :

'Twas then (my Conqu'rour !) that before my Sight
My Thoughts presented thee divinely bright :

'Twas then, that all thy mighty self appear'd,
Like *Venus* lov'd, but like *Minerva* fear'd.

All the three Graces triumph'd in thy Face,
And in thine Eyes did Light'ning Glories blaze :

Tha

CLEO and STREPHON 27

Then on my self I cast a low Regard,

And ask'd my Bosom how it stood prepar'd?

What Merits it could boast, that Humble I

Should risque the Vengeance of that pow'rful Eye?

It told me, 'twas prophane to wish thee Joy,

And Light'nings, what they gilded, might destroy.

My Fears were to a Gyant's Stature grown;

And not a Wish I dar'd to call my own;

In Agonies confus'd, my Heart was tost,

And all my Hopes were in a Pannick lost.

Thus, strange mysterious Cowardice in Love!

I lose the Minutes which I should improve.

In Love to Death with her I never saw;

I run to see — and e'er I see withdraw.

18 *The EPISTLES of*

So the bold Boy, untrain'd to Martial Art,
Proud of the youthful Blood that warms his Heart;
With some great Hero's written Worth inspir'd,
By borrow'd more than real Courage fir'd,
Flies to a Siege, and thirsty for Renown,
With his own Hand he takes, in Thought, the Town:
But when the Light'nings blaze, and Thunders roar,
Wishes the Safety he despis'd before.

Yet as the Youth once frightned with Delight,
May read again, and fir'd again may fight,
'Till his Sword tracing those recorded Deeds,
Transcribes, on yielding Walls, the Worth he reads:
So will I read those pow'rful Lovers Arts,
Who, their own vent'ring, won fair Ladies Hearts.

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 19

Mean while, remember that my Soul is lost,
And animate with Verse thy Lover's Ghost.
Thou know'st, thou said'st my Form thou would'st
o'erpass,
And love the Soul amidst its homely Case.
Once more, ye Heav'ns, inspire her so to sing,
And bring the News, my Angel, on thy Wing.

STREPHON.

P. S. Tho' I dare not come my self, I have ventur'd to do a thing almost as bold, and that is, to send you a little Fragment of *Tasso*, which I have translated into the *English*. I believe you have read *Fairfax*, and then you will wonder perhaps, that I, who could write no better, attempted it after so great a Man.



CLIO AND STERPHON. 19

Mean while, remember that my Soul is lost,
And animate with Vests thy Lover's Cloak,
Then know'st, then think my Throat then would'st
Of tears.

And love the Soul amidst its homely Gown,
Once more, ye Hesperus, inspire her to sing,
And bring the Muses my Angel, on thy Wings.

STERPHON.

P.S. Tho' I dare not come my self I have ventur'd to do a thing almost bold, and that is, to send you a little Fragment of T. which I have translated into the English. I believe you have read the text, and then you will wonder perhaps that I who could write no better, attempted it after so great a Man.



T O

STREPHON,

*On his excellent VERSES, and on
his VERSION of TASSO.*



H, where shall I from such sweet Sounds
retire!

The God of Love himself has tun'd his
Lyre,

And taught it ev'ry Passion to inspire.

With Wit, with Art, and pow'rful Flatt'ry strung;

The Heav'n-born Muses dwell upon thy Tongue;

Their best-lov'd *Ovid*, whom they made their Choice,

Had not a greater Skill, nor sweeter Voice,

22 *The EPISTLES of*

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,

Receiv'd thy Praise, and silently approv'd.

The World, which seem'd a Trifle to my View,

Is less despis'd, since 'tis adorn'd by you ;

And I its empty Pleasures could endure,

Were but my Soul of such a Friend secure.

How few in all the Tour of Life we find,

That either can improve, or charm the Mind ?

Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,

Recal one Friend to make my Mem'ry proud.

Tho' much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,

(For I have been what *others call* *belov'd*),

Yet still my *nicer* Inclination found

Some *happy Fault* to keep me yet unbound.

My Muse has been my Pleasure, and my Care,

And I no other Fetters wish to bear:

To *that*, oh gentle Bard ! thy *Fondness* give,

And let thy *inoffensive Rival* live :

From

CLIO and STREPHON. 23

From that thou canst no Danger apprehend,
APOLLO's thine, and ev'ry Muse thy Friend.
No After-ages will repeat my Name,
Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame;
Yet if thy Verse does CLIO's Name adorn,
I wish her not to greater Glory born.
Secur'd by thee, what petty Bard will dare
To wound my Weakness when thy Guard is there?
So great thy Reputation and so bright,
That I shall shine, reflecting by thy Light,
So have I seen some little flying Cloud
Gilt by the Sun, a while look gay and proud;
But if its Beams their lovely Shine withdrew,
Its short-liv'd Beauties swiftly vanish'd too.

Lead on, my Gen'ral, then; and I may be,
Tho' many Ranks below, inspir'd by thee.

24 *The* EPISTLES of

Beneath thy Laurels, oh ! protect my Fear,
And shade thy little trembling Volunteer.
Perhaps CLORINDA was a Coward too,
'Till she was taught to tread the Field by you,
Oh ! how I emulate the *martial* Maid,
And read thy TASSO, till I'm *not* afraid !
How am I charm'd with ev'ry finish'd Line !
'And joy that FAIRFAX' are so faint to thine !
You taught the Fair to wield the pointed Dart,
And show'd the softest Vein in TANCRED's Heart.
Oh skill'd in Love and Verse, thy Power employ,
To aid the dying Empire of the Boy !
He yields apace—and no TANCREDI shines.
But in thy Form, and thy excelling Lines.

CLIO.

STREPHON'S



STREPHON's Answer, being in a
DREAM:

O R,
The RECAPITULATION.
By way of DIALOGUE.



HY Verse, which run with Down upon
their Feet,

Measure my Hours, and make my Mi-
nutes sweet;

And when, in reading, all the Day is spent,

Not all the Day can yield me full Content;

I start from Bed to PHOEBE's paler Light,

And, Glutton like, devour 'em o'er at Night;

Then

26 *The EPISTLES of*

Then walk my lonely Chamber round and round,
And kiss the skilful Hand, that gave the Wound.
At length, when Nature with Fatigue oppress,
Forces my dozing Head to sink to Rest,
Still my awaken'd Soul is just the same,
Unweary'd still that courts thee, lovely Dame,
And to it self presents thee in a Dream.

Methought, on DENNIS' much-lov'd Plain I lay,
And Fancy turn'd the Noon of Night to Day :
PHOEBUS appear'd ; Wit reign'd upon his Brow,
And Wits Reward, the sacred Lawrel-Bough :
The Genial God thro' ev'ry Feature smil'd,
And with these Promises my Ears beguil'd.

Study, well-omen'd Bard, thy Voice improve,
Mine gain'd but *Lawrels*, *thine* shall gain thee *Love*.

Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd with the Prophecy my Harp I strung,
And, what I can't awake, asleep I sung:
Sweet was the Song, for CLIO was the Theme,
CLIO! my Love! my Wish! my Bliss! my Fame!
My Song rewarding to my vast Surprise,
The witty Fair one danc'd before my Eyes:
The Vision struck me with religious Awe,
As when their Goddeses old Poets saw.

With Eyes as radiant as the Beams of Day,
Blooming with Heav'n-born Youth, and sprightly
Gay,
Thus, my dear CLIO said, or seem'd to say.

CLIO.

Oh! where shall I from such sweet Sounds retire?
The God of Love himself has tun'd thy Lyre,
And taught it ev'ry Passion to inspire.

That

28 *The* EPISTLES

That OVID, whom the Muses made their Choice,
Had not a greater Skill, nor sweeter Voice:

S T R E P H O N.

Oh! never, CLIO, never hence retire,
Thee gone (for thou, Love's Goddess, do'st inspire,)
Dumb must my Tongue be, and unstrung my Lyre.
The am'rous OVID ne'er had such a Choice
Of Wit and Beauty to employ his Voice :
Hadst thou been born to bless his happy Days,
No Name but CLIO had adorn'd his Lays.
Oh! tell me, can thy Soul be e'er inclin'd,
That is *so* witty, to be *half* as kind?
Canst thou not, tell me, canst thou not improve
Thy Wit with *Tendernefs*, and stoop to *Love*.
To Love a Man, who to his *last Hour's* End
Would study *hourly* to be *more* thy Friend?

CLIO.

CLIO and STREPHON. 29

CLIO.

How few in all the Tour of Life we find,
That either can *improve* or *charm* the Mind?
Scarce can my Thought, in all the boasted Crowd,
Recal *one Friend* to make my Mem'ry proud.

STREPHON.

No wonder, CLIO, thou so few shouldst see
Pleasing, for Pleasure is confin'd to thee :
Crowds of Admirers ne'er should make thee vain
But they may boast, that by thy Charms are slain.
So not the God, to whom Perfumes arise,
With od'rous Pray'r, and welcome Sacrifice ;
Not He is honour'd, but the Man that prays,
Because a Deity accepts his Praise.
Be thou my Saint thy Altars I'll adorn,
And each new Day, new Incense will I burn ;

Be

30 *The EPISTLES of*

Be thou my Angel, thou, like Angels fair,
Then will I pary, and thou shall't hear my Pray'r.

CLIO.

Though much of Flattery my Youth has prov'd,
For I have been what others call belov'd)
Yet——

STREPHON.

Have been belov'd ! belov'd thoult ever be,
While I have Ears to hear, or Eyes to see.
For in thy Form, and in thy Voice I find,
All that can please the Eye, or charm the Mind.
But how can I, unhappy, hope to gain
Her that has been so lov'd,—but lov'd in vain ?

CLIO.

CLIO.

Yet still, my nicer Inclination found
Some happy Fault to keep me yet unbound.

STREPHON.

Happy those Faults I ever shall esteem,
That for my sake reserv'd thee safe from them ;
Who else had triumph'd in that boundless Joy,
That does my Thoughts and ev'ry Wish employ.
Of all my Faults one Fault alone thoult prove,
If that be one, *Extravagance in Love*.
That you'll forgive ; for Love should ever rise
Proportion'd, as its Objects fair and wise ;
And sure, if Love should like thy Merits be,
No Love can ever be too great for thee.

CLIO.

32 *The EPISTLES of*

CLIO.

My Muse has been my Pleasure and my Care,
 And I no other Fetters wish to bear :
 To that, oh gentle Bard ! thy Fondness give,
 And let thy inoffensive Rival live ;
 From that thou can'st no Danger apprehend ;
 APOLLO's thine, and ev'ry Muse thy Friend.
 No After-ages will repeat my Name,
 Nor can I rob thee of thy purchas'd Fame ;
 Yet if thy Verse does CLIO's Name adorn,
 I wish her not to greater Glory born.

STREPHON.

CLIO is all my Pleasure and my Care,
 And I no other's Fetters wish to wear :
 To me then, CLIO, all thy Fondness give,
 And let thy truest, tend'rest Lover live.

Of

CLIO and STREPHON. 33

Of that I can no Danger apprehend,
If ev'ry Muse is, as thou say'st, my Friend ;
Heav'n knows, of all the Nine, but One I chuse,
Ye Heav'ns ! Let CLIO be that friendly Muse ;
Then future Ages will repeat my Name,
For, if she'd wear it, she would give it Fame.

CLIO.

My Heart, tho' far from the Coquette remov'd,
Receiv'd thy Praise, and silently approv'd.
The World, which seem'd a Trifle to my View,
Is less despis'd, since'tis adorn'd by you ;
And I its empty Pleasures could indure,
Were but my Soul of such a Friend secure.

STREPHON.

I just was going full of Joy to tell,
That my fond Soul would in her Bosom dwell

D

For

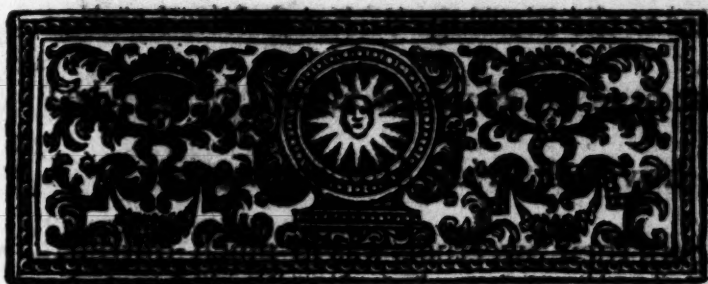
34 The EPISTLES of

For an Eternity——But Fortune's Spight
Just at that Moment tore her from my Sight,
Finish'd my Dream, and made me Sigh all Night.

Yet, PHOEBUS, yet thy Prophecy I'll prove,
For Dreams, thy Poets lay, descend from *you*.
Then I'll pursue the Blessing of my Dream
O'er *Dennis* Plain, and view the lovely Dame.

STREPHON.





To STREPHON;

*In Answer to the foregoing LETTER,
which was kept a whole Month by a
Lady, to whom the Care of it was in-
trusted, before it was delivered to CLIO.*



Y Eyes wept o'er the Verse that stray'd
so long,

What Hand could rudely treat thy
charming Song?

Scarce can my angry Heart forgive the Wrong.

It bleeds within me, while thou sadly plains,

It feels thy Voice, and softens at thy Strains.

36 *The EPISTLES of*

I flew to still them, as the tender Dam
 Hastes to the Bleatings of her fav'rite Lamb.
 What have thy Numbers suffer'd for my sake !
 Oh, how shall I a just Attonement make !
 I mourn their Sweetness was so much distressed,
 And lay the wounded Beauties to my Breast.
 From *them* I will no *hidden Dangers* fear,
 They will not *harm* thy LITTLE TREMBLER *here*.
 I read thy Soul ; tho' to thy Form unknown,
 And guess its gentle Temper by my own.
 Thou art compassionate, as Angels are,
 And hast of friendless Innocence a Care :
 To *beauteous Chastity* I see thee bend,
 The Goddess does into thy Soul descend,
 And with victorious Chaplets crowns my Friend.
 Thy temp'rate Veins do with *her* Licence move,
 For *she* allows of Poetry and Love,
 Which, as sweet WALLER sings, is *all* they do *above*.

With

CLIO and STREPHON. 37

With *modest* Warmth, *she* gives them *Leave* to beat,
 Nor bids *me* disapprove the *God-like* Heat.
 I hear *thy* Song with *innocent* Delight,
 Nor *chide* the *soft* *Delusions* of the *Night* ;
 I *blefs* the *God* who to *thy* *Dreams* is *kind*,
 Still may *my* *Image* dance before *thy* *Mind*,
 And in *thy* *Sleep* *thy* *fairy* *Temples* bind.
 Let CLIO's Fingers with the *Muses* join,
 Let grateful CLIO make her Poet fine,
 Whose Verse has made her humble Merit shine.
 Blush not, ye PRUDES, to hear my *modest* Praise,
 Who ne'er have *felt* the *Magick* of his Lays ;
 In Forms delightful may I still appear,
 For ever may *he* *Dream*, and *I* for ever *Hear* !
 The Laurel and the Bays to thee I'll give,
 Let CLIO only in thy Numbers live.
 To ev'ry Thought of thine I'll lay a Claim,
 I'll give thee Friendship, thou must give me Fame.

38 The EPISTLES of

With Tenderness I will thy Presents use,
 And be a Mother to thy tuneful Muse.
 The soft Ambassadors you hither sent
 Now sleep at ease, my Bosom is their Tent.
 Like trembling Birds, who have their Parents lost,
 Harm'd by ungentle Hands or nipping Frost,
 Pining alas ! they melancholly stray'd,
 Till Love and I reviv'd them in this Shade.
 My guardian Angel should have been their Guide,
 And to his Wings thy am'rous Paper ty'd :
 In bearing of the glorious Sheets along,
 APOLLO would have caught the flying Song ;
 And, as he cut along the lower Sky,
 Thy Verse had taught his Pinions how to fly.
 Here, it with Peace and rural Sports shall dwell,
 I, for its Master's sake, will treat it well :
 But let not her you Praise a Flatterer be,
 'Tis rather for its sake I'm kind to thee.

Thou

CLIO and STREPHON. 39

Thou art a Judge, Oh sweet excelling Youth !
 And canst, perhaps, forgive an honest Truth.
 In ev'ry Line I see thy Features glow,
 From ev'ry Thought, thy Shape, thy Air, I know,
 I see the Joy, with which thy Cheeks are drest,
 When any Turn is happily exprest ;
 The Pow'r of Verse my ravish'd Soul has prov'd,
 So canst thou charm, and so is CLIO mov'd.
 What artful Methods the Poetick find,
 To steal themselves into the Reader's Mind ?
 I should receive thy *dang'rous Wit* with Care,
 For, oh ! the *Poet* lies in *Ambush* there.
 I see, I hear thee, thy perswasive Art !
 Oh ! keep thy Verse, and let me keep my Heart ;
 Or if, oh gentle Bard ! thou art my Friend,
 While thou attack'st, instruct me to defend.

CLIO.

D 4

ON

Clara and the Phoenix

There sat a Judge, on some morning bright,
And cast, perhaps, to give an honest thought
How he lived, and how he died, and how
From all the world, the things that I know
He the joy, with which the Church is blessed,
When any turn is made in the world,
The flow of the world, and the flow of the world,
So much the more, the more the more,
And the more the more the more the more,
The more the more the more the more the more,
I think I have seen the world, and the world,
And the world the world the world the world,
I see I hear that the world is the world,
Oh, keep the world, and the world the world,
Of it, oh, keep the world the world the world,
Was a world the world the world the world.

Clara

ON



*The Letter to which this Answer is made
was Lost.*

TO
STREPHON.



UCH Verse as thine, all Forms can plea-
sing make,
And whatsoever one you like to take,
Is pleasing to me for my Poet's Sake,
Even thy Ghost is Charming to my Sight,
Whilst it appears adorn'd in Black and White,

Not

42 *The EPISTLES of*

Not all the gaudy Colours of the East,
Could to my Eyes be such a Perfect Feast,
Of other Spirits I am much afraid,
But walk with thine and court the Gentle Shade,
Whene'er the buify World is lain to Rest,
I fly unseen to thy ætherial Breast,
Alone at Midnight I Converse with thee,
And VENUS leads her Brighter Beams to me,
The Stars Shine forth, they once were Lovers to,
And all the Planets sure are brib'd by you,
Thy Body must not all our Meetings know,
For that's a Man, and therefore is my foe.
Ah! tell it not that I can write so kind,
It will be jealous of thy purer Mind,
And fondly will attempt to claim some Part,
And rob it's Rival Shadow of my Heart,
Oft' have I Pray'd, and Heav'n has heard my Pray'r,
To grant a Lover made like thee of Air,

For

For I am tir'd with being long pursu'd,
 By low Desires of Mortal Flesh and Blood,
 A greater Complement you cou'd not Pay,
 Than throwing all the Drofs of Love away,
 Then coming to my Bosom thus refin'd,
 And leaving Sex and Interest behind.
 What Tell-tale Sylph familiar to my Heart,
 Cou'd this dear Secret to thy Ear impart,
 One way there was my nicer Taste to move,
 And that alone was Numbers dress'd in Love,
 No Golden Show'rs, cou'd here a Conquest gain
 I have beheld those Trifles with Disdain;
 Vice I have seen in gaudy Triumph shine,
 And Man survey'd in ev'ry mean Design;
 Low at my Feet I've seen these Monarchs lye,
 And askt my blushing Soul, the Reason why;
 Youth or Gay Looks have made the Wretches Bend,
 And Slaves a While, in order to ascend;

But

44 *The EPISTLES of*

But yet my harmless Pity I let fall,
 To see these mighty Masters of the Ball,
 Obedient to a Short-liv'd Beauty's Call.
 Such Earthly Passions, Virtue needs must blame,
 But Thine is sure a more transcendent Flame,
 For which e'vn Love it Self's too mean a Name.
 Oh! let it then for Heav'nly Friendship go,
 Such as good Souls retain for Friends below,
 Such! as thine wou'd, for happ'less C L I O find,
 Shou'd you ascend and leave her here behind.
 By Heav'n thou art Inspir'd, for something more
 Shines in thy Verse, than I have found before,
Humour and *Wit* I have with Pleasure found,
 But thine is with a pow'rful Softness crown'd,
 From which I must my list'ning Senses guard,
 Oh! ask not my Repose for thy Reward,

E'er

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 45

E'er I behold Thee, let me here compound,
Retire, Retire, Methinks I hear the Sound,
But oh! my feet are fastn'd to the Ground,
Such force has Verse when guided by thy hand,
It does each *Atom* of my Soul Command.
Thus speaks my Soul, but it alas! is join'd,
To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd,
And thou thy Self wou'd chide it if too kind,
Yet whatsoever rigid Form attends,
Let us at least—Eternally be Friends,
And I intreat thee, oh! my Charming Spright,
In Verse to visit CLIO ev'ry Night.

CLIO.

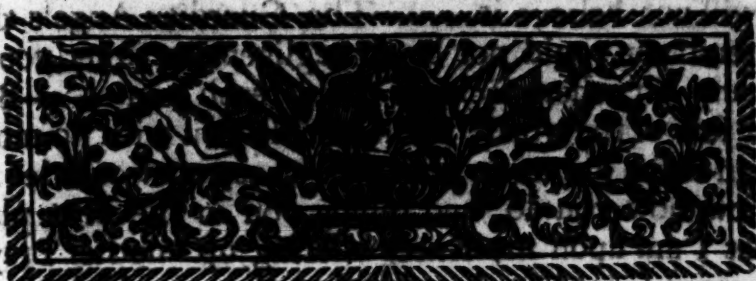
STREPHON

CILIO AND STEPHON.

But I behold Thee, let me here compound,
Retire, Retire, Meditate I hear the sound,
But oh! my feet are fasten'd to the ground,
Each force has Velle when guided by the hand,
It does each view of my Soul command.
Thus speaks my Soul, but it alas! is join'd
To human Clay, which is to Rules confin'd,
And thou thy self wouldst chide it if too kind,
Yet whatsoever right I own attend,
I use as I list—Eternally yet free,
And I intentless, oh! my Character's degree,
In Velle to visit Caele every night.

CILIO.

STEPHON.



STREPHON TO CLIO.

My CLIO,



Have been made this day the most Unhappy of Men. A fellow of a very sour Countenance, who was certainly born in an ill Hour, or his Tongue could never have told so much bad News in so few Words, inform'd me that my CLIO was very much Indisposed. Death with his Scythe in one Hand, and his Hour-glass in the other, shaking maliciously the few remaining Sands, and warning me that my last Hour was near expir'd, could not have touch'd me like this base Informer, who would
with

48 *The EPISTLES of*

with his sawcy officious Tongue force into my unwilling Ears the Story of your wanting your Health—— I will not believe it——The Guardian Angels that attend you could not be so negligent as to let you be in any Air where Sickneſs could reach you——But, for fear of the worſt, I will trouble you with no more, than firſt a Prayer to your ſelf, that you would let me know how you do, and telling you in the next place that I am upon my Knees offering up another Prayer to your Guardian Angels, that they would be more diligent in finding means of reſtoring you to your Health, than they were in preventing your Illneſs—— I ſhall ſcarce riſe from the Cuſhion my Knees are bent upon, nor unclaſp my Hands, nor ſtop my Lips from inceſſant Supplication till your Reply comes—— May it be a comfortable one, and by ſignifying your Recovery, ſecure my own from a Thouſand Fears more tormenting than the Agonies of Death would be to my Dear CLIO,

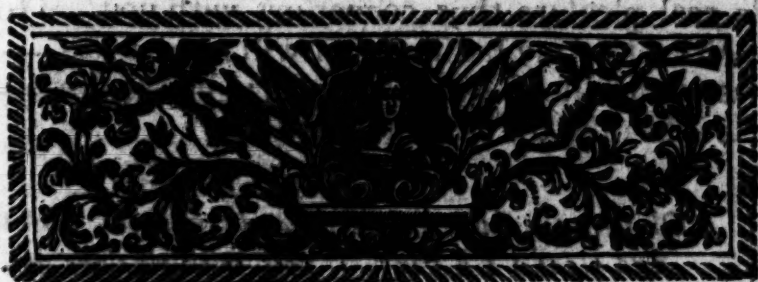
Your moſt Affectionated

and Afflicted Servant,



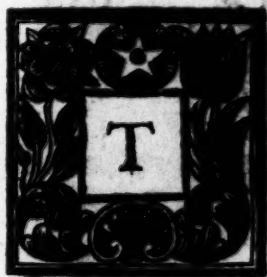
STREPHON.

CLIO



CLIO TO STREPHON.

My FRIEND,



THE Poor Man indeed told you Truth——for I have been, and still continue very Ill, tho' I am somewhat better, which I impute to your Prayers and Friendship. I am charmd with your Essays, which make Religion, what it really is, the finest Subject upon Earth. Since my illness, I have Read and admired those refined Notions, and am proud, He, that can think so divinely, should think of me at all.——You are very good to a Stranger, and CLIO is a Thousand ways your Friend——believe me notwithstanding the want of Health She
E finds

50 *The EPISTLES of*

finds real pleasure thus conversing with you—You
can Write tho' my Indisposition will not let Me—If
it was not for illness I would not leave you so soon—
Versè is healing to the Mind.

*Oh then the Sacred Remedy apply
And pleas'd I'll Live, if not, with pleasure dye.*

CLIO.



ON

CLIO and STREPHON. 51



ON

CLIO'S LETTER,

Wherein she tells me of her Sickness, and received on the Night when the great Storm of Thunder and Lightning was.



LATE, on the dreadful'st of recorded Times,

I VIRGIL'S Omens read in DRYDEN'S Rhimes:

How CÆSAR'S Death, e'er CÆSAR dead became,

Thunders proclaim'd thro' Heaven's shiv'ring Frame.

52 *The EPISTLES of*

How howling *Ghosts* yell'd in the nightly Shade,
Till Tempests dropping Fire the Sprights display'd;
My Midnight Studies struck with pleasing Dread,
And Parent *Bards* I left, and sought my Bed,
When lo! incompass'd with a sudden Flame
I found their *Verse* and *Nature* were the same.
Not with Presumption, but with humble Awe,
I view'd the Sky and what I'd read I saw;
It flash'd a most intolerable Light,
And turn'd to blazing Day the pitchy Night.
There just receiv'd, and yet unopen'd lay
Thy Letter kept to bless the following Day:
Straight my foreboding Soul was much dismay'd,
It knew not why, but trembled for its Maid;
Fear'd what the greatest Man's Decease fore-sign'd,
Foresaw'd the sick'ning Queen of Womankind.
Frighted, I ran, the doubted Letter took,
And as I broke the Seal, my Fingers shook:

But

But when I read that *Sickness* harm'd my Dame,
 Read the sad Tidings by the dismal Flame,
 Then, tho' then loud did Jove's chief Thunders roll,
 Far greater Tempests labour'd in my Soul ;
 And yet (my CLIO) 'midst that Storm of Care,
 Ev'n thy sweet *Musick* was too harsh to bear.
 Yes, thy own Verse, where Sweets Eternal reign'd,
 Grew *harsh*, quite *harsh* ! — thy Illness they contain'd.
 Trust me (my Love) I sympathize with thee,
 Now, while I write, each Nerve's in Agony :
 Troops of sad Fears make ev'ry Heart-string quake,
 And reigning Agues all the Fabrick Shake.
 Not so ; when all my Nerves well pleas'd did move,
 While I was singing Tunes of thee and Love,
 When on your Harp (more pleas'd) I've heard you
 sing,
 And ev'ry Nerve has danc'd to ev'ry String.

54 The EPISTLES of

Now interrupting Sobs, that Musick break,
 Mute must each Muse be, and mere Nature speak.
 But Nature can't— for Nature's overcome,
 Small Sorrows speak — but solemn Grief is dumb:
 Yet if (ye Heav'ns!) if yet ye can but hear,
 'Midst the loud Storms, that deafen ev'ry Ear;
 I will subdue my Grief and say one Pray'r.

When Lightning next breaks thro' the cloudy Air,
 Look thro' those Clouds, and when you see, you'll
 spare.

And you that are to me a dearer Part,
 Than the last drop is to a bleeding Heart,
 Do not, o'ercome with Spleen, the Wits Disease,
 Think Heav'n will *Virtue, Wit, and Beauty* seize.
 To think 'twould be at such a vast Expence
 As making thee, then snatch thee straight from hence,
 'Tis doing Injury to Providence.

Don't

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 55

Don't be so cruel to thy self nor me,
Thou shal't not *dye* — thou shal't *translated* be.

When Late, ah ! be it late, when 'tis desir'd,
To seek the heav'nly Joys, of earthly tir'd :
May some good Angel join his *Lips* to shine,
Thou to his Lips thy balmy Breath resign ;
He'll catch thy Soul wrapp'd in thy spicy Breath,
And disappointing the grim Forms of Death :
Shall thee all shining to that Heav'n translate
Where Spirits of thy Rank compound the State.

Here ends the Prayer, which high Heav'n appeas'd,
The Skies all open'd, and the Saints well pleas'd,
View'd her, ill Omens and the Tempest ceas'd.

STREPHON:

CLIO AND STREPHON.

Don't be so cruel to the little bird,
That shall not be — I'll be as good as dead,
When I see thee, and I be in love, when I see thee,
To look the heavy-lidded eyes of country girls;
May I not look at thee, when I see thee,
To look the heavy-lidded eyes of country girls;
He knows the soul's escape in the eyes of birds,
And disapproving the given forms of birds;
Shall close all things to that heavy-lidded
When I see thee of thy look compound the same.
I see the heavy-lidded eyes of country girls,
The birds all open, and the sails well-pleased,
View'd by, all open, and the sails well-pleased.

STREPHON.

AN



A N
A N S W E R
T O
C L I O,

*(Who speaks of Platonick Love) sent to her
just after her Recovery from an Indisposition
of Health.*



ILL Sickneſs left you, till I knew you cur'd,
Did I once mention what my ſelf endur'd ?
Unless, when pitying you with Pains oppreſt,
I pray'd, that quitting yours, they'd ſeek my Breſt.

Now

58 The EPISTLES of

Now, 'tis my Turn, to Name poor STREPHON's Pains,
And thine to pity now, whilst he complains.

To thee (O CLIO!) is all Nature known,
Painted in *Verse*, for *Poetry's* thy own:

Thou know'st the Pangs of disappointed Love
Must, as its Object's dearer, sharper prove.

Thou know'st, that, as our Souls are tend'rer made,
Those soft Impressions are the deeper laid;
That, when coy Ladies, Lovers Hopes controul,
They to Distraction drive a Manly Soul.

Thou know'st thy self the noblest Form on Earth,
That ever gave the noblest Passion Birth;
Knowst ev'ry Glory shines contest in thee,
And everlasting Tenderness in me.

And, shall I, dear, unkind, victorious Fair,

Be render'd up a Prey to wild Despair?

Thoul't

Thou'lt answer *No*,—then coldly call me,—Friend,
And, *Spirit-like*, Perhaps, my Soul commend.

If Love was only seated in the Mind,
As cruel now I call, I'd own thee kind.
Does not each Line, which I have written prove,
That I adore thee with redoubled Love?
That I admire thee all the Ways I can.
As Spirit much, but still much more as Man?
And who wants Arguments, by which 'tis prov'd
That Heav'n fram'd *Women*, so to be belov'd?
Tell me not then, thou dear too cruel Fair!
Thou oft hast pray'd, and Heav'n has heard thy Pray'r
To grant a Lover made, like me, of Air.
No—— were I Air indeed —— nay purer far.
Than the most pure Celestial *Beings* are;
By Jove himself! I'd act my self like Jove,
I'd put a *Body* on, and seek thy Love.

But

60 *The EPISTLES of*

Ah ! that I could but put a *Body* on,
But *ugly* mine is made—and I'm undone !
Tho' *golden Show'rs* are things, that you disdain,
Yet, for thy sake, I'd come in *golden Rain* :
But ah ! my niggard Stars, to wound me home,
Gave me, without the Wit, the Poet's doom.

Ought I in Prudence, all at once to name
Such Faults—which now a days are counted Shame ?
Yes, I am proud to own 'em all to you,
Happy and *Rich* in this illustrious View.
You call'd me Friend, and I'll be ever true,

Now tell me, If my Verse can pleasing make,
This Form, which I am forc'd, not pleas'd to take ?
Tell me, no wealthy *Beau* thy Love shall gain,
That thou'lt behold the *Trifle* with disdain ;

Not

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 61

Not so, thou'lt say—Thou'lt say, thy Soul is ioin'd }
To humane Clay, which is to Rules confin'd ; }
And I must chide my Stars, that 'tis not kind. }

——Still let me, like a Lover made of Air,

Offer thy Words, but Offer as my Pray'r,

Yet whatsoever *rigid Forms* attends,

Let us at least——Eternally be Friends.

STREPHON.

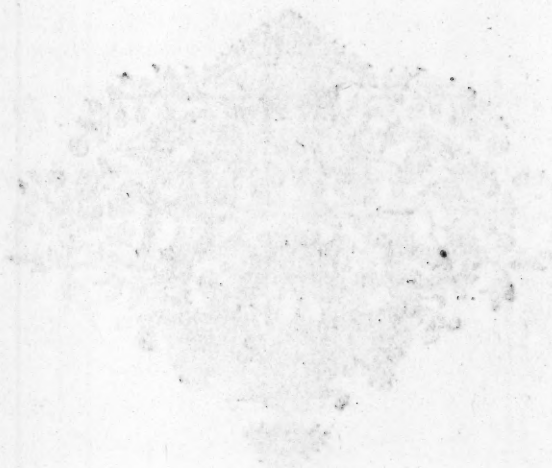


TO

61 "Cato and Stripton"

Not to, though by—Thou art, my dear,
To human, which is a human condition,
And I must think my dear, the least kind,
—Still let me, that I have made of it,
Overtly, words, but Overt, in my eyes,
Yet what I have said, I have said,
Let me be, my dear, my dear, my dear,

STRIPTON





T O
S T R E P H O N
I N
A N S W E R

*To both his Admirable LETTERS
of his ILLNESS and PLATONICK
LOVE.*



Wonder not at what thy Verse per-
forms

I know its Pow'r and understand its
Charms,

The Storms grow gentle, and its Sound obeys,

And even *Thunder Softens* at thy *Lays*.

Angels

64 *The EPISTLES of*

Angels themselves, from their own Heav'ns descend,
They hear, and wonder; and become thy Friend,
Not all the *Sweetest* Instruments combin'd,
The softest *Lute*, and sprightly *Viol* join'd,
Nor DAVID's Harp, like thee, can raise the mind,
My Soul which is of tend' rest *Atoms* form'd,
Is as the Poet pleases *Chilld* or *warm'd*,
The warring Skies receiv'd thy pray'rs that Night,
For all my Spirits were Refin'd and light.
The *haggard Spleen*, was driven from my Breast,
And I with smiling Chearfulness was Blest,
Tho' Nature seem'd, as if she dying lay,
And trembled with the last Tremendous Day,
Yet fearless I the angry Clouds Survey'd,
Thy friendly wishes hasted to my aid,
A sweet Composure on my Eye-lids fell,
And all things in my Tranquil Soul were well.

But

CLIO and STREPHON. 65

But e'er I slept, I offer'd up my Pray'r,
 That Heav'n my *Poet*, and my *Friend* wou'd spare,
 For he was worthy of its utmost Care.
 Oh! let the *dull*, says I, from hence Remove,
 Who know not how to *Sing*, nor how to *Love*,
 But with my Praises I shou'd *Chiding* join,
 Thy Body is inform'd of our Design,
 Did I not tell thee it a Share wou'd claim,
 And strive to damp our everlasting Flame,
 And CLIO has a Rival now I find,
 Who knows the softest Secrets of thy Mind,
 Thou art not an Intire Angel yet,
 But hast a little of the Serpent's Wit,
 A Day will come, thou wilt be all Refin'd,
 Thy Body as Immortal as thy Mind,
 Then near thy heav'nly *Form* my Soul shall stay,
 And pass with thee the never-ending Day,

F

A little

66 *The EPISTLES of*

A little longer, tedious Life will End,
And we like Stars together shall ascend:
Or shou'd I lose thee in the Shining Throng,
I soon should find thee, by thy deathless Song.
Sure a *peouliar* Brightness thou wilt wear,
From all the sparkling Crowd of Poets there;
Sing on and Shorten Life's Insipid race,
I long to meet thee in a Nobler Place,
Where Spirits of our Ranks appear in State,
And those of lower merit humbly wait.
I fear you will this haughty Notion chide,
And think it tastes too much of Earthly Pride,
Thy Manly Breast, with brighter Virtues fir'd,
Will scorn a thought Ambition has Inspir'd,
Oh! guide me, to my weakness be a Friend,
And learn my trembling *Pinions* to ascend,
The *World* and *Youth*, and *Flattery* pursue,
But I shall conquer if Inform'd by you.

Shew

CLIO and STREPHON. 887

Show me the Dangers that Iye Scatter'd round,
And lead me Safe thro' the Enchanted Ground,
But cease to think thy Noble mind undone,
Tho' Nature put thy Body loosely on.
If 'tis unworthy of the brighter Guest,
Which warms thy *Verse*, and sparkles in thy *Breast*,
I can forgive thy uningaging *Clay*,
Suppose it even what thy Numbers say,
Happy art thou from vain Address secur'd,
And all the Pains poor *Clio* has indur'd ;
The praise of Fools, which still has been my Fate,
Which I avoid, and of all Torments hate.
Left to the *World*, to *Solitude* I ran,
To dress my *infant Mind*, and rest from Man ;
In Letters now and then, they will appear,
And in that Form I can indure them here.
But thine has all my softest Moments shar'd,
And to my grateful Bosom still preferr'd,

68 *The EPISTLES of*

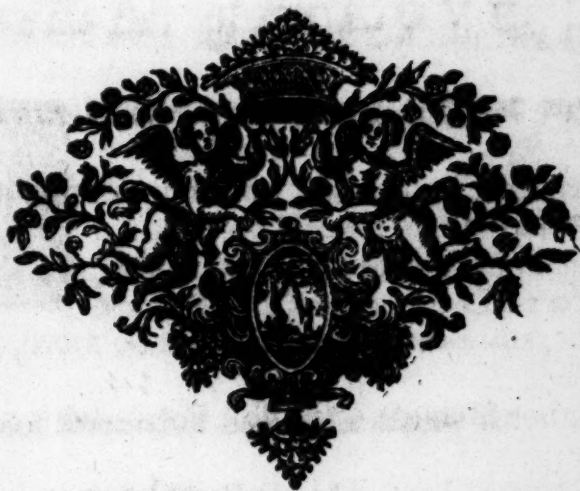
Increase my Number ; I shall never tire,
 With reading what thy Passion does Inspire.
 What would'st thou more ? Thy Numbers I approve,
 I like my self — and give thee leave to Love ;
 But oh ! increasing *Mortal* as thou art,
 Let still thy Spirit have the greatest part :
 You may admire me, all the Ways you can,
 Give me the Lover ; but keep back the Man :
 Yet even him perhaps my Eyes cou'd bear,
 Because thy Soul (which is my Friend) lives there.
 Let *Clio* still her *Empire* there maintain,
 Sweet are her Laws, and gentle is her *Reign*,
 She shall not Tyrannize, nor thou complain.
 I just again have read thy Letters o'er,
 And therefore can Indure my own no more,
 From whence does all thy soft Expressions come,
 Sure not from *Love*, for *Love* you know is dumb,

But

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 69

But such a Passion may I never prove,
Give me a *speaking* and a *writing* Love,
One that can with such Eloquence persuade,
And justify the Kindness of a Maid.

CLIO.



F 3

T O

CLUB AND STATION

For such a station my I never knew
Give me a special word and my home
One that can with such eloquence persuade
And bring the friends of the world

CLUB





T O
C L I O

*Of whose recovery STREPHON
was just then Inform'd, wherein
he tells her of his LOVE:*



IN this small time, so great my Passi-
on's grown,

It leaves no Minute of my time my own;

My softest Thoughts on CLIO's Lines
Employ'd,

Still find out somewhat new to be Enjoy'd :

Over and over I thy Verses read,

Still Sick'ning with a Flame, which still I feed,

72 *The EPISTLES of*

So Parch'd in *Feavers* drowthy Wretches lye,
And drink they will, tho', when they drink, they dye.

As sleepleſs Men for fatal Opiates long,
And future *Griefs* for preſent *Eaſe* prolong,

So, when I read; two Paſſions I ſuſtain,
'Tis always *Pleasure*, but 'tis always *Pain*;
When now I recollect thy Thoughts divine,

I wiſh my Soul as purify'd as thine;
Yet heav'nly Thoughts, that humane Paſſions move,
Tempt me to venture, and reveal my Love:

Dropping the Spirit I'd the Man commend,
Fain wou'd I pleaſe but, ſhudder to offend.

Pleas'd with the Images of Thought at leaſt

I nuſe and fandle them within my Breſt:

Then with the borrow'd Wings of Love I fly,

To that green Bow'r, where C L I O uſ'd to lye,

And make Imagination be my Eye.

By

CLIO and STREPHON 73

By *Fancy's* Force, I see my *Lovely Maid*,
Reclin'd, and sleeping on her *Grazing Bed*,
Gently I breathe amidst the gladden'd *Air*,
That plays among the Lab'rins of her *hair*,
And bid it softly *Whisper* in her *Ear* :
Oh ! wake not——only dream that *STREPHON's* here.
Then from thy blushing *Lips*, a *Kiss* I steal,
And beg of the next *Balmy Vital Gale*,
Which to thy panting breasts thy *lungs* *Exhale*,
To carry to thy heart a *ride* of *heat*,
And teach thy pulse the *March* of *Love* to beat.
But *Speechless*, *Motionless*, the fair one lies,
Sleep seals her *Fancy*, as it seals her *Eyes*.
That *silence* in her sleep destroys my *Peace*,
As *Speaking* did before, but *diff'rent* ways.
Oh ! that she ne'er had spoke, or ne'er would cease !
Ah then (Cry I) she *dreams* not, lovely *Dame* !
She *Sleeps*——Tis *I*, tho' broad awake, that *Dream*.

Oh !

74 The EPISTLES of

Oh! that my C r i o did but dream so too!

What now is only *Thought* would soon be true!

This said, I just was Yielding to despair,

But thy last Letter dissipated care,

There, There you say——my Numbers you approve,

You like yourself——And give me leave to Love,

Leave? ——O ye Cupids bear the *tidings* high,

As the bright Orb that circles roun'd the Sky,

To distant Worlds my plighted Love proclaim,

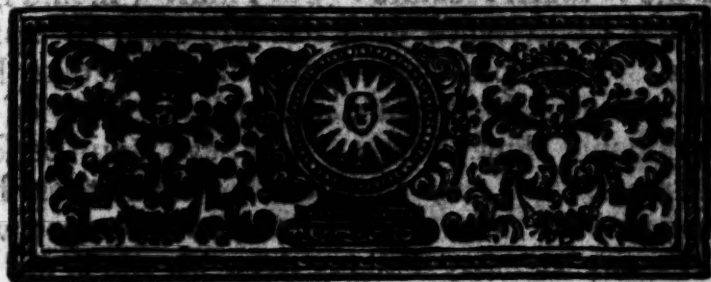
To distant Nations her dear Accents name,

She gives me Leave——O Sound those words again,

And sound them 'till the Lovely Maid I gain.

STREPHON.

T O



T O

STREPHON.

My FRIEND,

DULL Business that came as unexpected as it was unwelcome, call'd me from home, for two or three days, and has fatigued me extreamly. At my Return I was repay'd with your ingaging Letters; but at the same time I Receiv'd one from an only Brother in *Spain*, in which he Invites me thither. The Passionate Desire I have to see him after Seven Years Absence, will I fear, perswade me to venture; yet I assure you there is nothing belonging to my Native Country, (where we both intended shortly to return) I should grieve to leave more,

76 The EPISTLES of

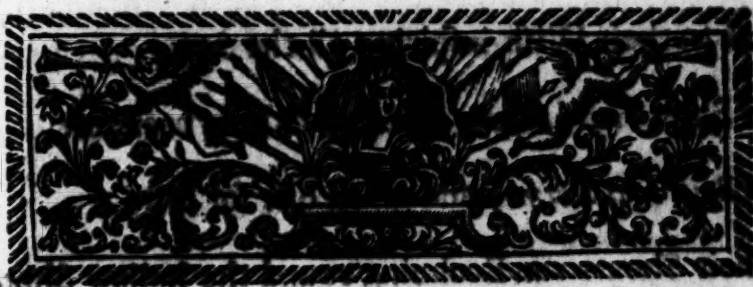
more, than your tender Correspondence which affords me so much Pleasure: But I must (should I go) entreat a Contrivance of it: It will help to make a foreign Climate pleasant to me, and I shall take those Lines you already favour'd me with, as some of the most valuable things I have. I believe it will be some Months yet e'er I go; therefore let me in them hear from you very often; and do all you can to persuade me, that my Memory shall not dye with you in my Absence, which perhaps may be two or three Years. I go to a Brother, who is much dearer to me than myself; whose Absence has been one of my greatest Shocks in Life; and help'd with the Murder of the best Father in the world, to spoil my Little Genius. I wish, my Friend, you could see this dear Relation of mine, who, I must say, is the most perfect of his Kind; a fine Person with fine Sense, and the greatest good Nature. But then you would say *CLIO* did not deserve your notice: However she is Ever, and Ever will be,

Your most Faithful

Obliged Friend,

CLIO.

T O



T O

C L I O,

*Who just after she tells me she gives me leave
to LOVE, which she Expresses in the
finest of VERSES, tells me in a LETTER
just after that she's going to a Brother in
Spain.*



I'VE heard of Merchants lost by Fortune's
spight,

And Mem'ry now presents them to my
Sight,

—Ay, there's the Coast—methinks they smile
to see,

Th' indulgent Surface of yon curling Sea,

The

78 *The EPISTLES of*

The gentle Winds, with their Propitious Gales,
 Just to their Wish inspiring all the Sails,
 Of Ships rich Laden, which had long been tost
 In Boist'rous Storms, and given o'er for lost.
 Their Shouts run Ecchoing round the hollow Shore,
 Each thinks he hugs his Bags of INDIAN Ore ;
 Blesses his Stars, and cries, that Fortune's Hand,
 Their Wealth Insur'd, and brought their Ships to Land.
 But Fortune's various Goddess cry'd——not so——
 And bad the blustering God of Winds to Blow,
 Obedient ÆOLUS unlocks his Caves,
 Sends Winds to drive the Ships, and fret the Waves,
 This way and that impell'd, the Billows roar,
 And bear them in a Moment far from Shore ;
 In vain they Murmur, and in vain they Pray,
 The louder Storms drown all they have to Say ;

Deaf

Deaf are the Seas to their un pity'd Cries,
Winds upon Winds, and Waves on Waves arise,
And hide the Sinking Ships from weeping Eyes.

How Nat'ral 'tis to feel a Wretch his Moan,
When small Reflection makes the Case one's own?

Richer were I, than those that share the East,
If thy soft Form my clasping Arms Possess,
On Seas of Troubles has my Mind been tost,
Long fought, thro' Risques of being ever lost,
Thy Arms its Harbour, and thy Smiles its Coast,
Sometimes in Hope, but oft'ner in Despair,
'Till you at length inclin'd to hear my Pray'r.

Just as to home-row'd Barks, th' increasing shores,
Jett forth, and seem to meet the lab'ring Oars,
So tow'rd's thy Bosom did I swiftly steer,
The way seem'd shorten'd, and the Sky was clear;

You

80 The EPISTLES of

You seem'd approaching——Nature's self was gay,
 And I ferener than a Summer's Day;
 But destiny's *Black Clouds* still lurk'd behind,
 My Stars grew *Cruel*, just as you grew *kind*,
 Me! frustrate Hopes convey's to *Dennis Plain*,
 And Fortune snatches thee away to *Spain*.

Yet Hear my C L I O, thy best Friend advise;
 [Tho' thy Friends Counsel melts thy Lover's Eyes]
 Since thou hast got an only *Brother* there,
 Wise like his *Sister*, like his *Sister* fair,
 Since he has sole Possession of thy Mind,
 Which might possess the hearts of all Mankind,
 Might all, that can its lov'd Acquaintance boast,
 Render its Slaves, but STREPHON still the most,
 Go——yes thou shalt——my hand shall be my Foe,
 My hand shall lead thee, since thou'rt bent to go,

And

CLIO *and* STREPHON. 81

And if base Fortune were less harsh to me,
I'd the *Companion* of that *Voyage* be.
But as to Fortune in this Earthly State,
My Name's writ backward in the Books of Fate;
Go——share the Pleasures of a Brother's Breast,
And leave a Lover void of Joy and Rest,
For me no matter——CLIO will be Blest.
To some dark lonely Cave I can retire,
Weep away Life, and with a Groan Expire.

STREPHON.



G

IN

81 CLEO and STREPHON.

And the Fortune were left half to me.

Is the Companion of these Voyages be.

But as to Fortune in this earthly state,

My Name's writ backward in the Book of Fate;

Go—there the Portents of a Brother's Death.

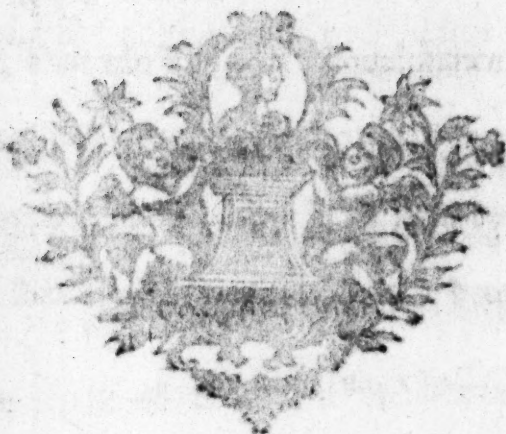
And leaves I over void of Joy and Regret.

For me no matter—Cleo will be blotted.

To some dark lonely Cave I can retire,

Deep away life, and with a Crown I sleep.

STREPHON.





IN
ANSWER

To two LETTERS STREPHON
*sends me; in one he tells me his
Passion is increas'd, in the other
advises me to go to Spain.*



'M lost in Thought—which I should most
Commend,

The Lover, the Philosopher, or Friend,

They all Delight so much, they all so high Ascend.

Rarely those Titles do so well agree,

The pleasing *Wonder* is all new to me,

A Thousand diff'rent Virtues shine in thee.

84 *The EPISTLES of*

My Friendship you deserve so many ways,

Thy tender Passion, and Inchanting Lays,

Inspire my grateful *Song*, to chaunt thy *Praise*,

Preferring *C L I O S* Int'rest to thy own,

Is such a Compliment I have not known.

Thy kind Philosophy I do approve,

Nor think thy *Offer* an Affront to Love,

For I by common Methods never move

Yes, I will go——you further my Design,

My Soul grows strong, while it communes with thine:

For *Friend*, nor *Country* will I much repine,

Stay but a while, I'm ready to attend,

Thy gen'rous *Arm*, and faithful *Counsel* lend,

This little *Bark*; oh! teach me how to guide,

Far from the Rocks of *Levity* or *Pride*,

For oh! I go, where I must think to find,

Things of thy Form, without thy God-like mind,

The

CLIO and STREPHON. 85

The lively Youth upon my *Temples* plays,
Tho' I to banish it, have had Allays,
Which if I had but Courage to repeat,
Thy tears wou'd flow, and hapless CLIO's meet.
A *Murder'd Father*, Nature here Expires
Faint on the Rack, and drops its softest Fires,
For ever does the Prospect fresh appear,
And while I write, *Blood* Crimsons ev'ry *Tear*,
Oh! has thy manly Heart-strings e'er been try'd,
Has Sorrow dragg'd them *hard* on ev'ry *side*?
Has no *kind Thought* presented to Revive
The breaking Springs of Life, and keep thy hope alive?
Has e'er thy lagging Veins forgot to move,
Been dead to *Musick*, *Wine*, and *gentle Love*?
Oh! say, hast thou sustain'd this deadly Woe,
Our equal Souls shall then acquainted grow,

86 *The EPISTLES of*

And sure thou hast some mighty Sorrow known,
 Some bitter Draught has in thy Cup been thrown,
 'Tis by thy Numbers fraught with Sadness shown.
 Sweet Melancholy in thy Verse appears,
 But oh! how Graceful are her charming Tears.
 Those Sighs that mingle with her Moving words,
 Those tuneful Stops, a harmony affords;
 But yet be still, in happy silence rest,
 Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,
 Cease to remember C L I O, and be Blest.
 Let partial Fate be cruel to thy Name,
 Since it is written, in the Book of Fame,
 To whatsoever Nation I'm convey'd
 My Poet shall be still Immortal made,
 I will thy Merit and thy Lays Rehearse,
 And charm the witty Spaniard with thy Verse,
 Tho' skill'd in Love, they humbly shall submit,
 To thy superiour Tendernefs and Wit,

Spain

CLIO and STREPHON. 87

Spain shall not still her Noble Lovers boast,
 Nor always triumph o'er our frozen Coast;
 Far from the *Sun*, the Lord of sprightly Fires,
 BRITANNIA lyes; but she has soft Desires,
 The God of Love flies here with flower Wing,
 But yet her *Martial Sons* can Love and Sing,
 For here the *Bay*, the *Laurel*, and the *Myrtles* spring.
 Thy Numbers are so tender and so bright,
 They shall appear, and do thy Nation Right,
 But while on *Fancy's* Wing I fly to *Spain*,
 A mournful Thought recalls me back again,
 Thou wilt thy absent CLIO's Eyes forget,
 But I mistake, Thou hast not seen them yet,
 Soon all thy soft *Ideas* thou wilt lose,
 That fir'd thy *Soul*, and animates thy *Muse*:
 The Wheel of Fortune may its Humour show,
 And often Turning round may cast thee Low.

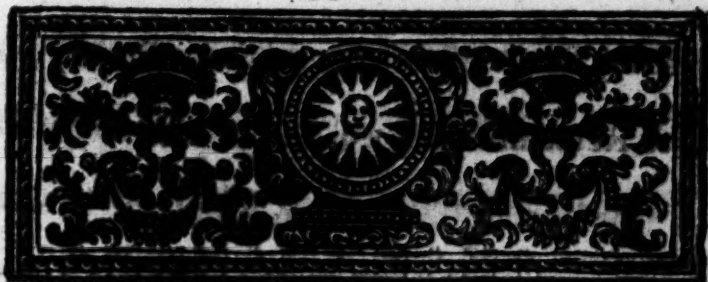
88 The EPISTLES of

Wilt thou Remember absent CLIO then,
 And know the *Picture* of her Soul again,
 Which she has sent thee Painted with her *Pen*.
 I hear thy Sighing Heart affirm it will,
 My Pain is Lost, and all my Fears are still,
 Oh ! what shall I return thy soft regard,
 Be Everlasting Friendship thy Reward,
 Such as thy Soul so ardently demands,
 Whose truest Value STREPHON understands.

CLIO.



ON



ON THE
Following LINES
IN

CLIO'S LETTER.



'M lost in *Thought* which I should most
Commend,

The *Lover*, the *Philosopher* or *Friend*.

Preferring CLIO's Int'rest to thy own,
Is such a Compliment I have not known,

Thy kind *Philosophy* I do approve,

Nor think thy Offer an Affront to Love.

For I by Common Methods never move,

Yes I will go.—You further my Design &c.

—In

90 *The EPISTLES of*

————— In happy Silence rest,

Not let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,

Cease to Remember G I O, and be Blest.



STREPHON'S *Complaint*
Continued.



H E N (Cruel!) you will go! you will!
you say,

And art-ful *Blames* upon my *Counsel* lay,

As if that *drove*, nay *posted* you away,

Judge, Judge ye Heav'ns, oh ! Lend an equal Ear,
Hear this Evading, this upbraiding Fair :

What ? if one Moment from my Love I stole,

And gave cold Friendship leave to sway my Soul,

If,

If, out of Season *wise*, and dully good,
 My Judgment Counsell'd, what my *Will* withstood;
 Should she, unfairly witty, take that part,
 And play my Erring Head against my Heart?
 Soon, and too true my Prophecy will prove
 That on my *Ruin* she'll her *Sense* Improve,
 Her Wit I find's an Enemy to Love.
 Talk then no more to me of *Fame* and *Bays*,
 Nor freeze my Mind with chilly Friendship's Praise;
 They're *Gugams* to the Love at which I aim,
 You gave me leave, and I the Licence claim.
 Preach not up strain'd Philosophy to me,
 Thou little SOPHISTER in Poetry,
 That in false Arguments dost boast an Art,
 And mak't a very *Play-thing* of my Heart:
 In Love, not witty let us be, but true,
 That's *Death* to me, that is a *Jest* to you.

Yet

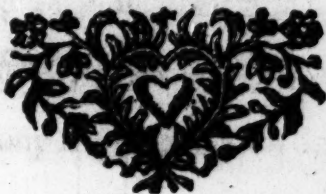
92 *The EPISTLES of*

Yet let thy Conscience listen if it can,
 And own the *Changing Maid* and *Constant Man*,
 That did I bid thee go——I do allow,
 And as a Friend, perhaps should do it now,
 But as a Lover in the foll'wing Lines,
 How do I grudge what *Amity* resigns?
 Did you not plainly by broad Hints perceive,
 That, when I said I'd come to take my Leave,
 I meant I'd come to beg a kind Reprieve.
 Don't I there tell thee, if we were to part,
 'Twould burst the *vital strings* that hold my Heart?
 That I must to some lonely Cave retire,
 Weep life away, and with a Groan expire!
 All this you read, you knew; and was it kind,
 To say you'd go and leave your *Spain* Behind!
 Her farewell Words (poor STREPHON) thou must hear,
 Be steel'd to Grief, which thou art doom'd to bear,
 Parting

Parting she says——In happy Silence rest,
Nor let my Parting pain your gen'rous Breast,
Cease to Remember CLIO, and be Blest :
What is this less, than if she was to say,
Speaking her *Colour'd words* a plainer way,
I'll push thee *pale* and *dying* from my Breast,
And tell thee Smiling——In the Grave there's Rest.

Thus still Complains thy

STREPHON.

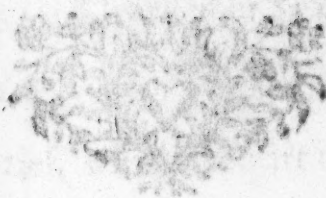


TO

CLIO AND STREPHON.

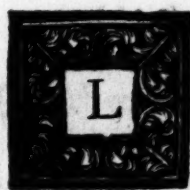
Parting the days — happy moments
Not for my Parting pain your generous
Glad to Remember, Clio, and the Blessing
What is right, Clio, the way to the
Speaking her Clio, and the way to the
In part the path and the way to the
And the other standing, the way to the

STREPHON.





T O
S T R E P H O N.



LET CLIO thy complaining Heart appease,

The Hand that wounded, shall restore thy Ease;

Receive it STREPHON from my grateful Pen,

Lift up thy *Head*, and shine in *Verse* again,

CLIO! a *deathless Friendship* still retains,

A *Wonder* and a *Passion* for thy *Strains*,

Sweet is the *Harmony* thy *Verse* affords,

As falling *Rio'lets*, or as *warbling Birds*,

The

96 *The EPISTLES of*

The Morning *Larke*, and Ev'ning *Nightingale*,
 Are hoarse to thee—Renew the pleasing *Tale*,
 I! who am plac'd so far in Sense below,
 In fainter Notes my Gratitude will show;
 But where the *Beauties* of the *Numbers* fail,
 Thy Love shall stoop to raise me, and prevail.
 Thou hast a Fondness for my little Sense,
 'Tis all that I can plead in its Defence,
 Oh! had I not a Friend within thy Breast,
 How wou'd my artless Song endure the Test!
 The gentle Lover I must still retain,
 Or ne'er appear, in Poetry again.
 'Tis necessary you should Love me still,
 And my Prophetick Heart divines, you will:
 But give me leave to tell you, in what way,
 Hard is the Task, but STREPHON will obey;
 Be all thy Wishes temperate and cool,
 But STREPHON whispers, who can Love by Rule?

CLIO and STREPHON. 97

CLIO can to that *Miracle* pretend,
 And knows to *Practise*, what she does *Commend*,
 In happy Order, all my *Passions* move,
 For CLIO's a *Philosopher* in Love,
 Where *Love*, and *Form*, and *Fortune* have conspir'd,
 To make the Charming Orator admir'd ;
 When *dying Eyes* and *Vows* of *ardent Truth*,
 Have been address't to my *Defenceless Youth*,
 And I my self a kind of Pleasure found,
 For Vanity has gladen'd at the Sound,
 Ev'n then I fled from the Incharmed Ground ;
 Let me not boast too far : I feel a Pain,
 In going, and a Wish to turn again ;
 So much of Folly has my Bosom known,
 But steel'd with time, it is a *Stoick* grown.
Lovers, and *Friends*, those only Joys below,
 If I thy CLIO's Inclinations know,
 And flying Youth its self, she could forego,

98 The EPISTLES

Half of my Sands are Ebb'd, what do remain,
 Fall when they will, are scarcely worth my pain,
 But when the solitary last appears,
 And CLIO's few dear Friends, are bath'd in Tears,
 It will her Last, and only Glory be,
 That once her Name was Lov'd, and Sung by Thee.

CLIO.



A N



A N
A N S W E R
T O

CLIO'S last LETTER,
*Where to heal my Complaints, she
offers me Friendship instead of Love, and
on a Report that CLIO (when she gave
me leave to Love) was Married at that
very time, or actually very near it.*



H E N from a Youth some haughty fair one
flies,

Long, with obdurate Pride, his Court
denies,

Love-sick at length upon his Bed he lies.

100 *The EPISTLES of*

In vain *Learn'd Doctors* trifle with his *Heart*,
 Their *Druggs* he baffles, and disowns their *Art*;
 His *Vitals* ling'ring with the *Hidden* blow,
 He drops a *Wonder* to the *Shades* below :

But, timely if she Comes, that Caus'd his pain,
 As much a *Wonder*, from his Bed the *Swain*
 Springs to her *Arms*, and he is well again.
 In thy last Letter, thou prescrib'st with *Art*,
 And only Play'st the *Skilful Doctor's* part.

Thou say'st thou'l't my *Complaining* heart appease
 Thy hand that wounded should restore my *Ease*
 Not so——Not so——Two Pow'rful hands you boast,
 Each hand can make——One only Raise a *Ghost*.

Alternate thro' thy soft *Epistles* move
 The *Hand* of *Friendship*, and the *Hand* of *Love* ;
 And when this wounds, that can't the wound Remove.
 Why then, when I the *Wounds* of *Love* endure,
 Does——*Friendship's Hand* administer the *Cure* ?

You'd

You'd have each wish be temperate and cool,
 Boast that You can, and bid Me Love by Rule.
 Can Warmth and Coldness in one breast Agree?
 In You I find they can, but not in Me.
 One Swain, while I thy cooler Friendship prove
 Basks in the Warmer Sunshine of thy Love.
 Yet where's the need to Treat me with disdain,
 Thy slave Insulting whilst he drags thy Chain?
 Tell me (Proud Victor) why this fresh surprize?
 Why am I told of Vows and dying Eyes?
 Of ardent Love by some soft Swain profess't,
 That rais'd a Painful pleasure in thy Breast?
 It was to say (Is that my Pleasing Pain!)
 She, that so Lov'd, could never Love again;
 That Kind to others, to my Self alone
 Her furnish'd Bosom is a Stoick grown.

102 *The EPISTLES of*

Artful Enslaver of my Freeborn mind,

Yet, in *one* thing, I'll own thy *Art* was *Kind*.

Thou wouldst not dash me from the *Top* of all

My lifted hopes, but mollify'd the fall.

Full well you know, I thought your *Breast* my own,

There sat my Heart secure as on its *Throne*.

Your *Changing* thoughts, that were my *hidden* foes,

Would not too quick their *Promises* their depose,

But the *sad* *Secret* they by halves disclose.

You, like some *Subtle* *Minister* of *State*,

To make me *Little*, as you made me *Great*,

Drew me by *slow* *degrees* to *abdicate*.

Thou said'st thy *Int'rest* call'd thee cross the *Main*

And a *Lov'd* *Brother* courted thee to *SPAIN*.

I *innocently* *Sacrific'd* my *Rest*;

Happy in *this* alone that *thou'dst* be *Blest*:

Too

Too true I did *intreat* thee to be *gone*
 And simply unawares my self *Dethrone* :
 But you much conscious of some Inward guilt,
 Knowing thy STREPHON's Blood must sure be spilt,
 To feed my Sorrows, and make death prevail
 Told of thy Murder'd Sire a doleful Tale.
 Then *Crafty* ask'd If I could undergo
 Some heavy weight of vast *Impending Woe*
 And so *Prepar'd* me for the coming blow.
 Thou hint'st at length to finish thy design,
 Love was another's share, and *Death* is mine,
 This kinder from another's mouth had came,
 And not from *thine*, that *Rais'd* the fatal flame
 You, of all Nymphs, might this *sad Story* spare
 To hapless, faithful STREPHON's Trembling Ear.
 Ill news has many feet, and comes too soon,
 And it has brought me word that I'm undone.

104 *The EPISTLES of*

If what I've heard (O C I I O) should be true,
 ME have the Fates strove *Rightly* to undo,
 And *Wit* was most *Severely* plac'd in You.
 I've heard (I wish I had not Ears to hear,
 Or else more *Patience*, what I've heard, to bear :)
 I've heard, by Heav'ns! I have some strong Report,
 You *Wedded*, when you gave *me* leave to Court.
 You *did not*, *could not*, 'tis *adult'rate* News,
 Credit I *did*, and I do *still* refuse;
Bright was the *Dame*, that did those Tidings bear,
 And if *Maids* can be *false*, that are *so fair*,
 There *may'm*—*Yes!*——*may* be room for my despair.
 Was *this* thy *Friendly Parting* from thy Swain?
 Was *this* the *Voyage* you would make to SPAIN?
 Was it for *such* an *absence* STREPHON mourn'd?
 And is thy *Brother* to a *Husband* turn'd?
 If it be *true*, dear *Blasfer* of my Youth,
 Tho' you must *Blush*, yet *own* the *Stabbing truth* :

For

CLIO and STREPHON. 105

For should I live, perhaps, another Day,
I somewhat *harsh* of thy *Dear* Name might say,
Strike *Dumb* that *Madness*; and, to lay me Dead,
Tell me some happy Swain enjoys thy Bed :
Priding in Truth, I'll my last hours employ,
Smile in the Pangs of Death, and wish thee Joy.

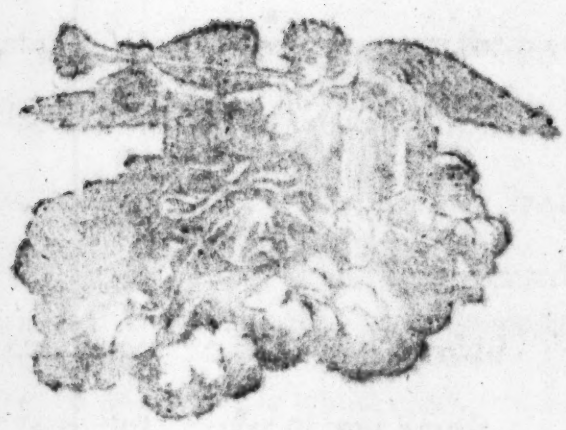
STREPHON.



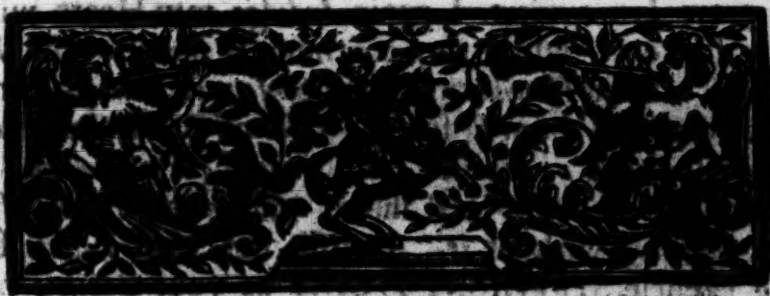
CLIO

For should I live, perhaps, another Day,
I somewhat long of thy Dear Name might say,
Strike Dumb that Mute; and, to lay me Dead,
Tell me some happy Swain enjoys thy Bed:
Prising in Truth, I'll my last hours employ,
Smile in the Fangs of Death, and with thee joy.

STERPHON.



Clio



CLIO TO STREPHON

Having sent me Twenty Prose Letters to excuse that Sally of Passion, into which he bursts forth in his last Letter of Verses, upon a false Report that a Lady gave out, of my being Marry'd.

Sunday Night just going to Bed.



I Am but this Moment return'd from PARIS, after a long Absence from this my Delightful Retirement; and haste to Assure you, how agreeable your Penitence is to me, and that I forgive you with more Pleasure than I Punish'd you. For 'twas with the utmost Reluctancy I lost your Commerce. It was the greatest Liberty I ever allow'd myself in

108 The EPISTLES of

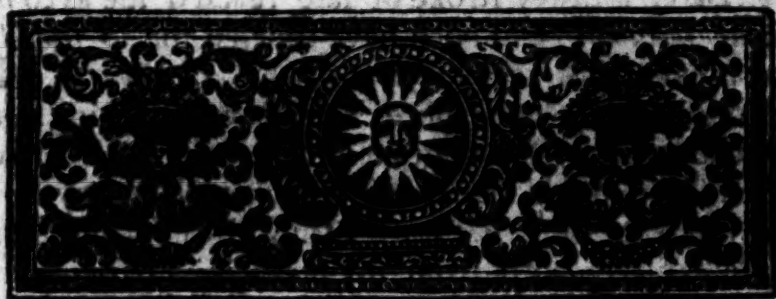
in Life; but even *that*, you see, I could *Resign*, when it grew *Inconvenient*. I again *Indulge* my Heart with your Letters, while they continue so *Innocent* and *In-
gaging*. Your *Honour* and your *Sense* will always here-
after regulate them for the *Taste* of CLIO, and then she will think no more of that *little* flight of *Passion*, in which *Wis* had the least share, and even *Love* itself is not *Inspiring* without it. I wish, not your *Passion* for me (gentle *STREPHON*) so *Great* as your *Genius*, nor do I find any *Tyrannical* Pleasure either in your *Adora-
tion* or your *Illness*. I intreat it may never *Injure* your *Health*, which is of much *Value* to me. Let me ima-
gine that part of your Letter a *Well-bred Fiction*.—My *Repose* requires it. For I should be truly *Uneasy* to give you one real pain.—Live and Refine the *World*—be *Gay* and favour CLIO with your *Remembrance*.—as the *grea-
rest* Compliment you can pay me, send me an *Express* of your *Recovery*. I wish for *Nothing* more, and take it very *Ill*, you would *Pretend* to dye without my *Leave*, which I can never Grant you, while you Love me in such a *Respectful* manner. Every *Happiness* attend you, I think you ought to *Esteem* this a very *High* one, that I *once* More assure you, tho' after so much *Hurry* and be-
ing in haste to go to Bed,

That I am still

Your faithful Friend,

CLIO.

STRE-



Paris, Monday Four of Clock in the
Afternoon ; Sick in Bed.

STREPHON

TO

CLIO.



ASK me not, CLIO, If I'm *well* or *Ill*,

If still you ask me, I must Answer still

Well, if you please, and Dying, if you will.

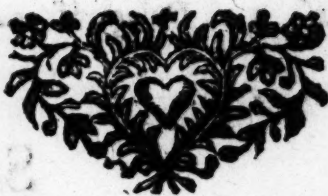
STREPHON.

III The EPISTLES of

P. S. No Evil comes single ; Just as I incurr'd *your displeasure*, a heavy stroke of fate reach'd me as to my *private fortunes*, and both have touch'd me so *sensibly*, that I fear I shall really *dye* with a *broken Heart*. But, if I might have, once more, the Leave of seeing you, (for the former till you grant a fresh one, I fear I have *Forfeited* by being *indiscreetly Extravagant* in my Love and my fears of *Losing you*) I think I can promise my self a *Recovery* both from my *indisposition of mind* and also of *Body*. Since the fault Proceeded from a *Height of Kindness*, you will, to speak in the most Religious terms of the Country we are in, be *kind enough* to grant the *Penitent Lover* a *Plenary Indulgence* and *Absolution*, under *your own Hand*. But let it be in *Verse*, for, to use your own Beautiful Expression, *Verse is Healing* to the Mind.

Oh ! Then the Sacred Remedy Apply,
And pleas'd I'll Live, if not, with Pleasure dye.

STREPHON.



CLIO

CLIO and STREPHON. 110



C L I O T O S T R E P H O N.



SOULS, that by *mind* and *Genius* are ally'd,
By *Sympathy* and *Inclinations* ty'd,
For one another mourn—*forgive my Pride.*

Still Live, and Living Sing to Keep my Fame,

For time and Years will Murder C L I O's Name ;

Unless

112 *The EPISTLES of*

Unless thy Verse their woundings countermand,

And I be sav'd by thy Superiour hand.

Not SACHARISSA had Immortal prov'd,

If WALLER had not Sung, and had not Lov'd ;

Those *Eyes*, which aw'd the *World*, are *Sunk* and *Dead*,

But glitter fresh, when his bright *Lines* are *Read*.

No *Charms* of Beauty *Everlasting* prove,

Unless *Embalm'd* with *Poetry* and *Love*.

We see the *Lustre* of the *NUT BROWN MAID*

In *CHAUCER's* Numbers to our *Eyes* convey'd;

And new adorn'd by our excelling *PY'R*,

She shines upon us with *Redoubled* fire.

Such are these *Eyes* of mine——for *STREPHON's* Song

Is Sweet as theirs, as arduous, and as strong,

Can make mine *Equal*, and *Preserve* as *Long*.

Let others guess my *Merit* by thy strain,

I ask no more——then *CLIO* will be vain.

I grieve

CLIO and STREPHON. 113

I grieve that *ought* should wound that *gentle* mind
To me so *pleasing*, to my *Muse* so *kind*,
Whose soft Discourses have delightful made
This *Corner* of the *World*, and *Blest* my *Shade*.
But *sing* again, and all thy *Strength* oppose
To rigid *Fortune*, and her *Weighty* Blows,
Nor talk of *Dying* thus—for *that* would be
A *Loss* to all *Mankind*, a *Wrong* to me :
If CLIO, o'er thy Soul a *Right* may *boast*,
In this *Important* thing obey her *most*,
And, when thy *Sorrows* will afford thee *Leave*,
Stray *hither*, that we may together *Grieve*.

*From the Plain
of St. Dennis.*

CLIO.



I

STRE-

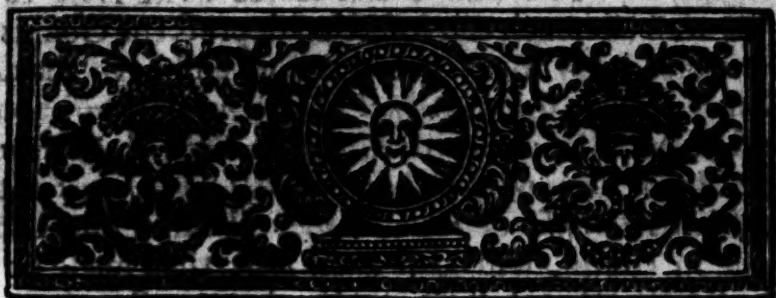
Clio and STRATHMORE

...
To ...
Wholes of ...
This ...
But ...
To ...
Not ...
A ...
H ...
In ...
And ...
Shag ...

Clio



STRATHMORE



STREPHON TO CLIO.



OUR last Letter was indeed a Cordial to my hopes—I am very much Recover'd and Reviv'd, but my Genius still retains too great a damp upon it from my Afflictions to be able to Answer you in Verse——Before it can be brighten'd up again, I must derive a new Inspiration from the *Sight* of you; THAT indeed, according to the Description which I have often heard of your person, and the Idea which I have often conceiv'd of your Discourse, would supply the very defect of Nature, and make a Poet of me, if I never had been one before. I long to exceed all the things I could ever yet write my self, by having an *Interview* with you for my Inspiring Subject—*Grief* shall then be forgot, and I will be nothing but *Joy*—*Dullness* shall then be laid aside, and I will rise up even into a kind of *Rapture* and *Laudable*

116 The EPISTLES of

Enthusiasm; Tho' now I can scarce write *Prose* tolerably well (so much can Affliction depress the Genius of the most Lively Man) yet then, when I have that *Interview* with you for my Subject, I will not only rise above myself, but also attempt to *Rival* the *Greatest Masters* in the *Art of Love* where they *Address Themselves* to the *Absolute Mistresses* of their *Hearts*. I think what I shall want in *Genius*, will be so much more than made up by the Subject, that I shall not (in that one Poem on our *Interview*,) be afraid of being *Compared* with *TIBULLUS*, *CATULLUS*, *PROPERTIUS*, *AUSONIUS*, or Even the great *OVID* himself, or of being thought a *Writer Inferior* to the best of them. In the mean time I have sent you a Poem I wrote about a Year ago, which I intituled *Buckingham-House*; It was also put into *Latin*, and written to shew some *French Gentlemen* that all the *finest Palaces* were not confin'd to a *small Distance* from *PARIS*. I desire your Opinion, If I have done some Justice to that fine Seat. I will speedily wait on you (since I have your Leave again) to know your *Sentiments* concerning it from your own Mouth—I am, my best Friend, and my Dearest Physician,



Your Recovering

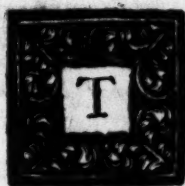
and Grateful Patient,

STREPHON.

TO



TO
STREPHON.
ON HIS
POEM
Intituled BUCKINGHAM HOUSE.



HIS lofty Pile unenvying I survey'd,
Gods plac't above, and Beauties in its
Shade,

Till by thy Verse it was Immortal made.

I only wish to be a BUCKINGHAM,

Whilst you in Deathless Numbers Sing h's Name.

118 *The EPISTLES of*

Nor do's my Heart with so much fondness beat
 For his high Titles, or his Lovely Seat,
 As for thy Bays, and ever-flowing Wit.
 Thy Fancy can a finer view Create,
 And Groves, and Birds, and Streams her Pleasure wait.
 Even the Deities with Transport gaze,
 And form'd of Marble soften at thy Lays.
 Then what Impressions SHEFFIELD's Soul must find!
 A Poet too, of thy own Noble kind.
 Some fine Idea happily express'd
 Glows on his Muse, and marks it from the rest.
 Methinks in thine a Kindred-Grandeur shines
 Related to his Soul, and to his Lines:
 Youth will re-animate his chilly Veins,
 And wake again at thy inspiring Strains.
 APOLLO ne'er with greater joy Survey'd
 The shining Turrets rise, o'er which he play'd,
Than

Than SHEEPFOLD the productions of thy mind,
Where Manly sense to Harmony is join'd.

- " Joyful, He cries, the Age, I leave, will see
" A Youth, that knows to strike the Lyre like me.
" Receive the Chaplet which my Temples bound
" And be thy Muse with all my Beauties crown'd.
" Not I my self have greater Pow'r to save,
" The Poets Bays, or Laurels of the Brave.
" The Architecture, and the Painter's Art,
" Have to the finish'd Structure done their part,
" But oh! thy Muse, Superiour to the Rest,
" Its Guardian Angel, Sings its Wonders best.
" These Walls by cruel Time may suffer wrong,
" And only shine in thy Immortal Song:
" Not *Coopers Hill* shall e'er Survive its Fame,
" Nor is it Sung with a Diviner Flame.

926 *The EPISTLES of*

- " These *Trees* may Sink, my *Pleasure* and my *Care*
" And SHEFFIELD'S Name, which now they *Proudly*
 bear,
" Be Trod with *Vulgar Feet* and Perish *there.*
" The *Prospect* lost, the *Limes* all *Humble* laid,
" Not all *their Gods* can guard their *fav'rite Shade*;
" Some Foreign Prince Savage and unpolite,
" May wound the Grove, beneath whose *Shade* I write.
" Where are the *Branches*, once so sweet and young,
" Where OVID Sigh'd his *Flame*, and VIRGIL Sung?
" Yet *Time* thy *Verse*, and all its *Charms* shall Spare,
" And SHEFFIELD'S Name shall Bloom for ever *there.*
" PHOEBUS, the God of *Musick* and of *Thought*,
" Shall guard the *Wonders*, he *himself* has wrought.
" When his fierce *Steeds* drive to the Last great Day,
" And o'er the melting *Clouds* bound swift away;
" When from their gilded *Harnes*s they shall fly,
" And bear to Earth the *Light'ning* of the Sky;

" Then

CLIO and STREPHON. 121

“ Then *Common Verses*, with Each Poet's Name,

“ *Expiring* shall assist the mighty flame :

“ *Thine* shall *unwounded* be Convey'd above

“ And Teach the *Angels*, how to Sing and Love.

CLIO.



T H E

"I then Common Nether, with each foot's flame,

"Expiring shall light the mighty flame:

"Then shall unsway'd be Convey'd to me

"And thus the Angels, how to sing and love.

CLIO.



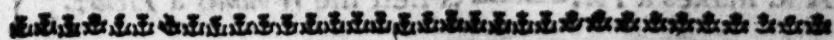
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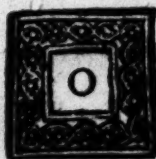
Plain of St. Dennis.

THE
INTERVIEW,

*Being in the SPRING, just after
STREPHON had been very
much afflicted with Illness, and
some Private Disappointments
in LIFE.*



STREPHON to CLIO.



H! CLIO, whilst before thy Feet I bend,
Smile, and thy Poet's Fancy shall ascend.
Thou canst drive Winter from the Northern Coast,
Hasten the Summer, and unbind the Frost.

See!

124 *The EPISTLES of*

See ! the Birds leave their Nests to hear thy Voice,

All Nature gladdens, and MY CARES rejoice.

The Gloom falls off, with which my Soul was prest,

And Love and Poetry Elate my Breast.

Oh ! Ev'ry Passion is with Wonder fraught,

Life of my Lays ! and Goddesses of my Thought !

VIRGIL and HOMER on thy Temples shine,

Dart me their Beauties, whilst I gaze on thine.

Ye studious Wretches, throw your Rules aside,

Learning creeps slow to Fame ; — a tedious Guide !

Trust me this Charmer has a Nobler Art,

And makes a Poet — When she Wounds a Heart.

Hast then ye Toilers, and this Wonder prove,

To be Immortal, you must learn to Love.

Fame waits upon her, and assur'd Success

Attends the Numbers SHE vouchsafes to Bless.

PRIOR

CLIO and STREPHON. 125

PRIOR may boast the *learned minds* to move,
But CLIO brings me *Souls* that know to Love.
The Reader's Eyes HER *Triumph* shall confess,
And overflow with STREPHON's *Tenderness*;
Nor Age nor *Dullness* can HER *Lover* find,
Whilst HER Eyes *Wing* his *Blood* and *cheer* his *mind*.
The *World* shall wonder by what *new found Art*.
I *Baffled Death*——'tis CLIO in my *Heart*.

Thy *Converse* can the *Scene* of *Life* Prolong,
For *liquid Gold* Pours flowing from thy *Song*,
Which feeds the *Soul* and keeps its *Spirits strong*.
Thou too *Immortal* by the *Muses Care*,
Shalt *Shine* in *dust* and be for *Ever fair*.
Angels shall guard it and thy *Lover's Song*,
From *vulgar Feet* and ev'ry *common Wrong*.

Ye *Peevish Beauties* who but *shine* an *hour*,
Envy to *Death* Superiour CLIO's *Pow'r*;

126 *The EPISTLES of*

See *Livid Malice Paints* your *Boasted Cheeks*,
 Your *Lovers Shudder*, and the *Mirrou* breaks.
 The *Blushing Grape* your *Influence denies*,
 And *only Sparkles* now from *CLIO's Eyes*.

The *Murder'd Fans* are all in *Passion torn*,
 And *Gods* and *Goddeffes* *Expire forlorn*,
 CLIO Looks down with *Pity* — and — with *Scorn*.

So the the tall *Poplar* views the *Shrubs* below,
Shoots to the *Skies*, whilst they *Neglected* grow.

Fly from the *Glass*, o'er take *HER Noble Flight*,
 So shall the *Winter* of your *Days* be *bright*.
 When *she Resigns*, your *Triumphs* may *Succeed*,
 Thus may your *Lovers* Sing, And *STEELE* may Read;
 He is the *TASTER* to the *Goddeffs FAME*,
 And *Weighs* the *Poet's Sense*, the *Lover's Flame*.

STREPHON.

THE



THE
INTERVIEW.



C L I O
T O
S T R E P H O N.



*O*ST to the *World*, and *Negligent of Fame*,
I lay! till *You* from great *APOLLO* came,

Waking my Soul to Numbers in his Name.

128 *The EPISTLES of*

Rise CLIO, Rise ! with tuneful-Voice you said,
 Leave fond Amusements, and thy mossy Bed,
 Soar on the *Muses* Wings, and be Immortal Made.
 I Wonder'd, and I trembled at the Sound,
 For yet no *Bays* had CLIO's *Temples* Crown'd :
 She knew not *Fame*, nor what her *Stars* design'd,
 Carving her *Thoughts* on some *Smooth Poplar's Rind*,
 To *harmless Sonnets*, all her *Verse* Confin'd.
 The *Name* of *Wit* on *Holyday* she bore,
 Among the *Swains*, nor could she hope for more ;
 A *Wedding Posie*, or a *Valentine*,
 She knew to Write, and that seem'd *Wondrous fine*.
 I dream't not Great APOLLO meant me more,
 Till thou wer't sent his bright *Ambassador* :
 Sweet *Poesy* seiz'd my bosom at thy sight,
 No more, you Cry'd, in *Trifles* take delight,
 Read all the *Summer's Day*, and all the *Winter's*
Night.

ORINDA'S

ORINDA's and ASTREA's Thoughts peruse,
 Blending their *Diff'rent* beauties in thy Muse.
 Chast as ORINDA's let thy Numbers flow,
 But with ASTREA's Warmth inspire their Snow;
 And oh, when *Tender Passion* is thy Theme,
 Copy the Language then of SAPHO's flame,
 Paint thou the Passion,—but, if that can be!
 Amidst the dangers, keep thy Bosom free.

Thus, as you speak, the God of Verse descends
 Into my Soul—I loath my duller Friends;
 TEA-TABLE Conversations I avoid,
 Averse to Nonsense, with their Scandal cloy'd,
 The darksome Groves sweet Solitude I sought,
 Where Modest Silence is a Friend to Thought;
 Desire of FAME Possess't my Lab'ring Mind,
 I Sigh'd and Read, 'till Ev'ry Muse grew kind:

Smooth—

130 *The EPISTLES of*

Smooth-tongu'd Applause my lucky thought pursued,

And almost Ruin'd CLIO's Solitude ;

The Morning Wonders that my Watchful Eyes

Rest with the Moon, and yet with PHÆBUS Rise.

I from ORINDA to Great SHAKESPEAR change,

With Wonder, and with Envy, there I Range ;

My Soul all mov'd, I cry, give Shakespear's Fame,

Oh ! Heav'ns, and when you please, dissolve this Frame.

I ask not Life, nor Fortune, but the Art,

As He does mine, to Touch the READER's Heart ;

Let others be content to please the Sight,

Let Me afford more exquisite delight ;

The joy of Admiration I would Prove,

To short-liv'd Toasts, I yield the God of Love,

Let Me hereafter be with Transport read,

My Numbers shining, when my Eyes are Dead :

Mine's an Ambition that nor Likes, nor Needs

The gilded Chariot or the dappled Steeds,

How

CLIO and SPREPHON. 131

How dull (my Stars!) was giddy PHABTON?

I would not wish the *Chariot* of the *Sun*,

Nor JUNO's Birds, to *bear me thro' the Skies*,

But on the Wings of Verse alone I wish to Rise.

CLIO.

F I N I S.



It is hop'd the kind Reader will be so Indulgent to the *Editor*, as to Excuse, and at the same time Correct, as he Reads, the *Errata's* which have escaped the Press through too much hast.

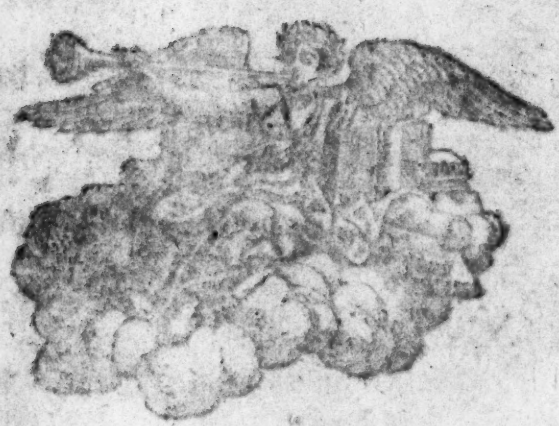
CLIO AND SPERTRON.

131

How dull (my stars!) was giddy PHAETON,
 I would not with the Chariot of the Sun,
 Nor Juno's Birds, to bear me thro' the Skies,
 But on the Wings of Poesy alone I wish to Rise.

CLIO.

T V M I S



It is hoped the 1882 JUL 10
 Edited, as to Errors, and at the same time corrected, by the
 Readers, the Editors which have escaped the Press in
 too much haste.